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STANZAS.

Oh! send not thou my faith away,
Nor tempt to doubt the trusting mind—
Let all that earth can yield decay,
But leave this heavenly gift behind;
Our life is but a meteor gleam,
Lit up amid surrounding gloom—
A dying lamp, a fitful beam,
Quenched in the cold and silent tomb.

Yet if, as holy men have said,
There lies beyond that dreary bourne,
Some region where the faithful dead
Eternally forget to mourn;
Welcome the scoff, the sword, the chain,
The burning wild, the black abyss—
I shrink not from the path of pain,
Which endeth in a world like this.

But oh! if all that serves us here,
When grief assails and sorrow stings,
Exists but in a shadowy sphere
Of fancy's weak imaginings;
If hopes, tho' cherished long and deep,
Be cold and baseless mockeries,
Then welcome the eternal sleep,
Which knoweth not of dreams like these.

Yet hush! thou troubled one! be still;
Renounce thy vain philosophy:
Like morning on the misty hill,
The light of truth will break on thee.
Go—search the prophets deathless page—
Go—question thou the radiant sky,
And learn from them, mistaken sage!
The glorious word—'Thou shall not die!'

ANON.

HALINA RADZIVIL:

Or, the Battle of Warsaw.

A TALE OF POLAND.

By Professor Berber, author of 'Pulpit Eloquence,' 'Downfall of Nations,' etc.

On the evening which preceded the memorable revolution of Warsaw in 1830, two Poles in military apparel proceeded, in deep conversation, along the winding banks of the Vistula.

The costume of the elder, consisting of the caftan, girdle, sabre, and yellow boots, betokened him to be of noble lineage. His attendant, a youth about eighteen years of age, wore the insignia of the military academy in Warsaw.

'Sire,' exclaimed the younger, as he gracefully threw back the dark flowing ringlets which shaded his manly forehead, and fixed his beaming eyes on the face of his companion, 'we are now without the walls of the Kraga: gold has purchased for me this interview with my noble father; perhaps,' added he, as a dark expression of melancholy overspread his youthful countenance, 'perhaps the last.'

'Does the duke then,' said the elder, 'seek the destruction of the ancient house of Plater? He shall yet know'——

'Speak softly!' said the young man; 'the very winds of Poland are traitors to liberty. The tyrant seeks the ruin of more houses than ours.—Twelve noble scions are doomed, to morrow, to the dungeons of Warsaw. But,' continued he, as his flashing eye expressed the daring energies of his mind, 'the cup is full—the consummation has come. Ere yon orb re-illumes the banks of our ancient river, the Russian tyrant must flee, or perish! Two hundred youths of Poland, like myself, have sworn on the altar of their country's wrongs to assert her freedom, or swell the hecatombs which the monster's vengeance has already lighted.'

'Noble but ill-fated project!' exclaimed the elder Plater: 'what chance for freedom has Poland, before the power of the Russian autocrat? Abandon the enterprise, my son—it is useless. The iron bonds will be more strongly riveted.—Failure will erase the name of Poland from the page of future history, and fill the mines of Siberia with the best and bravest of her sons.'

'Father,' replied Casimir Plater, 'I vaunt [illegible] will assemble round our standards. 'Deo adjuvante non timendum!' shall be our motto. The free in Europe will awake from their lethargy, and fly to our succour. The die is cast—we have passed the Rubicon—retreat is impossible, and triumph—glory!'

'But, Sire,' continued young Plater, 'I tremble for the house of Radzivil, when the torch of liberty is lighted. Halina Radzivil must not fall into the monster's power. Speed to the Prince; warn him to place her beyond the Polish frontiers; I will see her to morrow. I see my guards are approaching. Adieu, best of fathers! Arm yourself for the events of the morrow: the name of Plater shall not be dishonored by your son.'

Two gens d'armes, clad in the Russian police dress, now approached. 'Your time has expired young man,' said they. 'I am ready,' replied Casimir, as he pressed the hand of his parent, and departed for the state dungeon of the capitol.

The feelings which agitated the bosoms of the patriotic Poles were not unknown at the palace of Belveder. Spies had been placed in the mansion of every noble family, and the royal agent of the autocrat was aware that some great movement was about to take place; but fear was not an element in Constantine's character, and he trusted that by striking a decisive blow at some of the most exalted in Warsaw, the spark of freedom would be extinguished before it could burst into a flame. In the morning succeeding the interview between Count Plater and his son, Warsaw wore the appearance of a military camp. The drums beat to arms. A military commission was opened, at the head of which Constantine had placed—himself.

At ten o'clock, a military escort proceeded to the state prison, and demanded, in the name of the Grand Duke, the military students, confined on a charge of treason. They were immediately surrendered. A few moments brought them before the tribunal of the tyrant.

Plater, with a firm step and dignified air, first ascended the platform, before his judges. With a contemptuous expression of countenance, he gazed around on this mockery of justice as the chief commissioner exclaimed, 'I denounce Casimir Plater a traitor to his emperor and his country!'

'Poland has no traitor among her freeborn nobles,' replied the undaunted youth. 'Behold thy companions,' continued the commissioner, pointing toward the military students who had assembled in the hall of the tribunal, 'they shall testify against thee.'

The bosom of the young soldier heaved with indignation: he exchanged a glance with his comrades; it was enough. Then, casting a look of disdain on his oppressors, he replied: 'No [illegible] ever committed dishonor.'

'Thou hast been sworn against, as a rebel and traitor,' uttered the Duke.

'Show me my accuser,' retorted the youth.

'The mines of Siberia are not yet filled,' continued Constantine, 'a descendant of the noble house of Plater would grace the earth-wrought caves of Tobolsk.'

'Prince,' replied Casimir, 'there is a point at which resistance becomes a virtue, and silence a crime. Posterity will demand at your hands retribution for the wrongs of Poland. History will record this military tribunal, where power usurps the seat of judgment, and vengeance the place of mercy—from which the accuser is banished, and the accused condemned. The future defenders of the rights of nations and of men will echo from Warsaw to St. Petersburgh this foul mockery of the great attributes of justice in the court of kings. They will record their verdict against the faith of princes, on the ruins of Poland's freedom, in characters of blood.'

'Could I alone,' continued Casimir, 'be offered as a propitiatory sacrifice between Poland and her wrongs—could the yawning gulfs of your northern capital receive me as the last of her Polish victims, I would, like another Curtius, leap into the lake, and save my country. But the descendant of the house of Plater is a fraction of the vast unit of destruction. Where the ancient house of Warsaw, that mourns not [illegible] inmate whose groans reverberate through your Siberian [illegible], until the genius of misery [illegible] at the sound? the youth in full vigor of manhood who enters to-day, and he whose head has grown hoary in your subterranean prison, as the eternal snows which cover your unallowed summits?'

'Let the youthful hero be shorn of his hair, scourged, and sent off for Siberia,' said Constantine, as Plater concluded his address; 'away with him, my guards!'

At this moment a Polish lady, elegantly attired in a garb of deep mourning, rushed through the crowd, and threw herself at the feet of the Duke, in the hall of the tribunal. It was Lodoiska, the mother of Casimir Plater. The council stood in mute astonishment, until Constantine exclaimed: 'Who thus presumes to obtrude herself in the courts of Warsaw?'

'The mother of the youth thou hast but now doomed to slavery,' replied Lodoiska. 'Great Prince, the noblest element of greatness is mercy; the greatest exercise of power—forgiveness.—I, a daughter of unhappy Poland plead before thee in behalf of an unfortunate but noble son!'

'My guards, remove this maniac from the hall,' exclaimed the tyrant, 'a woman's tears cannot wash out the blackness of guilt, or obstruct the infliction of its penalties.'

'Thou hast truly spoken, tyrant,' replied Lodoiska; 'a woman's tears cannot wash out the stains of guilt; an angel's could not cleanse the foul pollution of thine. Humanity instinctively shrinks at thy presence, the flowers wither at thy approach; nature recoils in horror, as the sanguinary hand pollutes her altars, or thy blood tracked footsteps desolate her plains.'

'Lodoiska becomes eloquent,' replied Constantine, scornfully.

'Hear me, thou descendant of the Czars,' resumed the wretched mother: 'the blood thou hast wantonly shed has ascended to heaven; it waits thy coming, at the great tribunal. On earth, too, thou shalt have thy trials. You sun, which now careers through a cloudless sky, shall not decline while *thy* feet tread the halls of Belveder, the ramparts around thy castellated mansion shall be torn from their foundation, and the lofty turrets of thy palace graced with the flag of renovated Poland, before another morning dawns on the city thou hast sacked and desolated.'

'Ha! sayest thou so, proud woman?' thundered Constantine, as his lips quivered under the mingled emotions of shame and rage. 'Thy evening vespers shall be chaunted in the recesses of the citadel. Slaves, manacle this prophetess of evil, and convey her to the northern wing of the citadel.'

'Lodoiska and Poland,' shouted a thousand voices, as the mother of Casimir approached the doors of the military hall, guarded and chained. 'A rescue!—strike down the guard!—a rescue for the mother of Poland!' The guards in vain attempted to execute their commission. They were instantly overpowered, and Lodoiska conducted to the head quarters of her son.

The shout which preceded the liberation of Lodoiska, struck like a thunderbolt on the ear of Constantine. The tyrant trembled. 'Summon the Russian regiment!' said he. 'To the mansion of Radzivil! Convey its inmates to the palace.'

Obedient to the orders of the Duke, the Russian cavalry, headed by Col. Krutz, proceeded to the abode of Prince Radzivil. In a moment the massive doors were burst open and the lovely Halina, supported by two of the autocrat's guards was hurried onward in the direction of Belveder palace.

Ere the escort had reached the bridge of Sobieski, Plater and his determined band were there.

'Liberate your captive!' shouted Casimir, in a voice that echoed along the shores of the Vistula.

'Who thus opposes the orders of the Grand Duke?' said Kreutz, advancing to the head of his guards.

'I, Casimir Plater,' re-echoed his opponent; 'the sacrifice is too great, the victims too noble, for Russian butchery.'

'Rash youth! thy blood be upon thy head!' cried Kreutz, waving his sword over the head of Plater. With the velocity of lightning, Casimir unsheathed his weapon. A tremendous blow levelled at the young Polander was as dexterously parried. He advanced, made a thrust, and buried his sword in the bosom of the Russian commander.

'For thy blood, soldier of the autocrat, I shall not be answerable at the final appeal,' said Casimir, as he gazed for a moment on the bloody corpse. The Poles, animated by the chivalry of their leader, pierced the ranks of the Russians, and drove them from their position. But Halina Radzivil had during the contest, been conveyed to the palace of Constantine, and was now in the presence of the tyrant.

'Daughter of Radzivil, said he, 'it is in thy power to quell the rebellion in which thy countrymen are engaged.'

'Dost thou, brother of the autocrat, claim protection at the hands of a captive thou hast ensnared?' replied Halina—'a weak, unprotected woman, whom thy rude soldiery have forced from the ancient abode of her fathers to a royal prison?'

'Woman,' retorted the Duke, thou art in my power; thy father and brother, in chains, are in the western wing of the palace: before day declines, their heads shall grace yon ramparts, should the son of Plater, thy lover, continue the contest. He is now before the moat which surrounds the outer gate. *Thou* hast but to command, and he withdraws his force. Reflect—and refuse, if thy courage permits. The forfeit is the extinction of the race and name of the house of Radzivil.'

'An inhuman, an awful, but a willing sacrifice,' cried the heroic girl, 'to thee, my beloved Poland!' as she gazed, unappalled, on the features of her royal jailer.

'Thou refusest, then, maid of Warsaw?' said Constantine.

'I scorn the bribe, great as it is, for which I am required to crush the rising liberties of my country,' she replied. 'Halina Radzivil stands before the tribunal of nations. On her decision may rest the fate of unborn millions. The separation of the soul from the clay which it animates, is a trifle when weighed in the balance against the destinies of the human race. I know thy power; inflict what tortures thou canst; the frail tenement may sink beneath their execution, but the *immortal* inhabitant is beyond thy oppression. It shall meet thee at the bar of omnipotence!'

'I have then commanded in vain,' said Constantine, as the ashy paleness of death for a moment overspread his countenance. 'Proud woman,' said he, 'thou shalt die, and that before yon sun reaches his meridian.'

'Be it so, if Poland requires the sacrifice,' said the unbending daughter of Radzivil—'be it so; but I fall not unrevenged.'

A loud shout, proceeding from the direction of the drawbridge, announced to the tyrant that the outer gates of the palace had yielded to the force of Casimir's assault. He proceeded to the eastern wing of the palace: a youth, bearing the ancient flag of Poland, preceded by a herald, demanded a parley.

'Do the rebels submit?' asked Constantine, as the youth approached.

'Liberty, not submission, is the watchword of renovated Poland,' replied the young warrior: 'we come to require the unconditional surrender, of the house of Radzivil,' continued he, 'or to warn thee, in case of refusal, that ere the dial's shadow points to another hour, thou shalt behold the palace of Belveder in ruins.'

'Rather demand the headless trunks of that noble house,' scornfully replied Constantine.—'Sentinel, conduct the soldier of Poland to the eastern wing of Belveder. Let him learn from the lips of Halina the recklessness of his attempt—the certainty of its consequences.'

The youth followed his guide through a winding staircase and darkened passages, to the chamber of Halina: the door was opened, and there imploring the protection of Heaven on her hero and her country, knelt the graceful form of her whose life trembled in the balance of her country's fate. The beautiful girl calmly rose from her bending posture, as the sentinel announced the entrance of a stranger. The guide retired, and the young Pole, muffled in a military surtout, entered the apartment.

Halina stretched forth her hand; 'My countryman,' said she, 'whether friend or stranger, thou art welcome to the forced abode of Radzivil's daughter.'

The young soldier threw back his cloak: it was Casimir Plater!

'How hast thou passed the guard?' said the affrighted girl, trembling for the fate of her lover.

'By the command of the tyrant,' replied Plater. 'I bore to him a flag of truce, and, unknown, have gained admittance. Beloved of my heart!' continued he, 'what says the monster?'

'He demands the withdrawal of the troops, or a forfeiture which he deems equivalent,' replied Halina.

'What is the forfeiture?' said Casimir, as he perceived the blood forsake the countenance of Halina.

'Seek not to know, noble Plater,' replied his companion; compared with the accomplishment of their great design, the forfeiture is as a drop of water to the ocean.'

'Halina,' said the young hero, 'thou wilt not deny my request: we may meet no more. What is the forfeiture this royal wretch demands?'

'The destruction of the house of Radzivil,' replied the high-souled daughter.

'Inhuman monster!—thou hast not yet sufficiently glutted thyself in human blood, but the most noble house in Warsaw must fill the measure of thy crimes! Halina, I cannot sacrifice *thee*. Poland must fall!'

'Not while Casimir Plater claims the hand of Halina Radzivil,' she replied. 'Treasured as thou art in my heart,' continued she, 'I would scorn the proffered hand of a traitor to Poland, and reject an alliance with thy noble family, should the son of my country's liberties set in the liberation of her captive daughter. Proceed in the glorious cause. The stake for which thou contendest is priceless and incomparable. I will not say to thee, in this hour of trial, Poland has other daughters. I know thy faith. Yon orb,' said she, pointing to the sun, 'is not more pure, nor his returns more constant. Commit thy Halina to Heaven—thy courage and perseverance to thy country. Depart, beloved Plater,' continued Halina, as she placed her miniature in his hand; 'in the day of trial look on this. Yet stay a moment; lend me thy dagger. I shudder at the thought of self-destruction, yet are there cases in which even that act may be virtue.'

'What is the issue of thy interview with the daughter of Radzivil?' said Constantine, as Casimir descended toward the lower corridor of the palace.

'The secrets of Poland's daughter are secure with her sons,' replied Casimir. 'Thou wilt know, ere evening shades thy palace. Am I at liberty to depart?'

'Thou art,' returned Constantine.

Young Plater, preceded by his herald soon reached his assembled companions. A shout, which shook the walls of the tyrant's palace, announced his arrival.

'What is the answer of the Duke?' demanded a hundred voices.

'He refuses to release the captives,' replied Casimir.

'Storm the palace!—raze the monster's mansion to the dust;—cried the military companions of Casimir—'Poland and liberty!'

'My comrades,' said Casimir, 'caution must be our watch-word. We must be wary in our approach to the den of the monster. He must have chance to escape. The fate of the house of Radzivil depends on this circumstance; and who among you would require the possession of the tyrant, at the sacrifice of this noble family?'

'Not a son of Poland,' rejoined his companions. 'Let the Duke escape.'

'Three cheers!' said Plater, 'and then for the palace!'

The acclamation reached the ears of Constantine. The words, 'storm the palace!' had scarcely fallen from the enthusiastic Poles, ere he entered the chamber of Halina.

'Imprudent maid,' exclaimed he, 'why dost thou court death?'

'I court the freedom of Poland,' she replied, 'even at the price which thou hast decreed.—Know, Duke, the blood of Kosciusko still runs in the veins of Poland's daughters.'

'My guards,' said Constantine, 'conduct hither Prince Radzivil and his son.'

The soldier retired at the command, and returned with the noble captives.

'Behold the offering,' said Halina, as she gazed on her father and brother; 'behold the victims for the sacrifice. But *thou*,' turning to Constantine, 'art not the officiating priest at the altar.'

'Say'st thou so, maiden?' replied Constantine 'Executioners, approach!'

'Stand back! ye murdering ministers—ye accursed agents of another's crime!' exclaimed Halina, as her eye turned from the assassins to their employer: 'the blood you seek is too pure for your cowardly dagger!'

'I command you to do your duty!' thundered the Duke. The ruffians again approached to fulfil the awful commission.

'Take thou the reward of guilt!' said the daughter of Radzivil, as she plunged the poniard of Plater into the bosom of the foremost assassin; 'I pity, yet have destroyed thee!'

Constantine, petrified with astonishment gazed with conscious horror on the body of the executioner, as it writhed in the agonies of death.

'The blood of that man shall be demanded at *thy* hand, Russian Duke,' said Halina, 'when we meet before the bar of Heaven. Mine was an act of justice, not revenge. The life of a parent demanded the poniard of a daughter.—Thou seest how strong, when virtue nerves them, are the arms of Sarmatia's maidens.'

A crash in the court yard now announced that the inner gates of the palace had been forced. 'To the rescue of the Radzivils!' was heard in every quarter. 'If *they* be safe, give quarter to the tyrant—if not, be his fate as theirs!'

Plater rushed to the eastern chamber: in a moment, the door was opened. 'My Halina is safe! Spirit of the Universe, I thank thee!' said he, as he clasped the lovely girl to his bosom.

'Where is the tyrant?' exclaimed the inflamed soldiery. 'He has escaped,' said Halina, 'by a secret passage.'

'Mother, I have fulfilled thy prophecy,' said Plater; 'the evening sun has not found the tyrant in the palace of Belveder. And now, my Halina, I demand thy bridal hand at the altar, before the face of Heaven, and on the dawn of Poland's regeneration.'

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

Visit to Alexandria, Damascus and Jerusalem, during the successful campaign of Ibrahim Pasha.

By Edward Hogg, M. D.

The fluctuations that are daily passing over the East, and the suspense in which its affairs are kept by the growing power of Egypt, the decline of the Ottoman rule, and the watchful policy of Russia, afford sufficient excuse for a new work upon a subject which has already been little of books. Syria and Palestine, Egypt and Nubia—the scenes of the oldest traditions of our faith—are now the theatre of a vast political struggle, and so rapid are the changes to which they are subject that we look with anxiety to the reports of the last traveller, although much the has to tell has been already told. During the publishing season which has just closed, we reviewed an unusual variety of works of travels, and many of them, including La Martine's, the most poetical and fascinating of them all, related to the countries traversed in these volumes by Dr. Hogg; but the spirit in which that gentleman approaches his subject, and the objects which he mainly proposes to himself, infuse into his work a sufficient tone of novelty to make it a welcome addition to our recently acquired store of information. Dr. Hogg, after a course of successful professional exertion in England, finding his health impaired by his pursuits, retired to a tranquil retreat at Naples, where, being unmoved by any false ambition for public life, he would have remained, had he not been tempted to accompany a friend on a journey to the east. Such a journey presented many inducements. He was aware that the antiquities of those countries had been already explored, and that there was scarcely a feature of his original interest that had not been examined and described: but he also felt that the political changes which circumstances are constantly producing would render such statements of facts as he could collect, and such observations as he might be enabled to offer upon the existing condition of the people in their domestic and international relations, acceptable to the great body of inquirers. In this opinion he was strengthened by the advice of Sir William Gell, who urged him to arrange the notes taken on his journey, and prepare them for publication. The result is equal to the expectation which so recent a traveller might be supposed to create. The liberal policy of Mohammed Ali afforded him greater facilities in Syria than strangers have hitherto possessed in that country, and as he kept in view throughout the political circumstances of Egypt and the Ottoman empire, we find these volumes well worthy of public attention. There is much in them with which we are already familiar, nor does the writer often throw a fresh interest over such topics by any remarkable beauty or energy of style, or by any idle play of the imagination; but the quiet and truthful spirit of the composition, its freedom from the vanities of authorship, and the useful knowledge with which it abounds, abundantly atone for the absence of those more skilful and entertaining qualities that so frequently in modern publications are made to supply the place of sober and valuable commentary.—Nor is the work deficient in mere matter of amusement: it contains a variety of very pleasant sketches and striking anecdotes; it brings pictures of costumes and of individuals before us that are both natural and agreeable; and the tone is, on the whole, so sensible, judicious, and unpretending, that the reader will be sure to derive a more enduring delight from it than if it were more picturesque and enthusiastic. The picturesque of the east has been nearly exhausted, but its political and social aspects yield an abundant harvest.

The route was from Naples to Malta, and thence direct to Alexandria, where Dr. Hogg was received with great kindness by the Pasha, from whom he obtained some valuable hints upon the general features of Egyptian politics. At Alexandria he embarked for Syria, and landed at Tripoli, and departed from thence with a caravan, passing Mount Lebanon, and the Bekaa to Balbec, where he visited the celebrated temples, now converted into a fortress by the Moslems. From Balbec he proceeded to Damascus, which affords him matter for consideration in proportion to its importance; and then recrossing the Bekaa, he passed on to Saidee, the ancient Sidon, visiting Lady Hester Stanhope in her mountain retreat; from thence to Sour, the Tyre of the ancients, Acre, the scene of one of the most memorable sieges of our time, Mount Carmel, Jaffa, and Jerusalem. Having satisfied his curiosity in that quarter, he went to Damietta, and then to Alexandria, ascended the Nile to Upper Egypt, returned to Thebes, participated in a fête given in Belzoni's tomb, and finally, glad to escape from the Egyptian Nile boats, disembarked at Cairo. From this sketch of the track, the nature of the subjects treated of in these volumes may be seen; of their execution we will enable the reader to judge by placing before him extracts as copious as our space will permit us to make.

Passing over the intermediate journey, we will open at once on Alexandria.—Here is a picture of the streets—the costume of the people—and the internal aspect of the place, that is extremely vivid and life-like.

"Our hotel was situated in the midst of the Frank quarter, and I felt as if I should never be tired of the new and perpetually changing scene which our projecting cage always presented. The constant succession of passengers was made up of a motley assemblage of Arabs, Turks, Greeks, and Franks, each in their peculiar costume. Military officers frequently passed on horseback, in richly embroidered uniforms, with an ornament on each breast, either simple or wrought silver, or composed of diamonds, according to their grade; always with one or two 'running footmen' in long blue cotton vests, and white turbans, preceding their horses, and often followed by two others, whose dresses had a more military cast. Numerous groups of soldiers lounged by, shabbily babited in dingy red jackets and trowsers, with a cap of the same colour; many of them tall, well-grown men, of every variety of complexion, ill-formed, bare legged, and almost shoeless. Then came strings of camels, carrying skins of water, loads of merchandize, and indeed every thing that requires transport, for wheeled carriages are never used for such purposes here. People of all classes and countries, passed by mounted on donkeys, which supply the place of hackney-coaches, together with Arab women carrying on their heads water jars, or large shallow baskets, containing bread, and other articles, for sale. These are dressed only in a long and full blue cotton garment, with a piece of the same material thrown over the head, one corner of which, held in the mouth, performs the office of a veil, or, more frequently, their ugliness is concealed by a long blue face cloth, ornamented at the top with coloured beads. They are usually tall and well-formed, but those of the lower class, who sometimes leave their faces uncovered, have a frightful blue ornament tattoed beneath the lower lip, a dirty, olive complexion, and altogether a disgusting, squalid appearance. Now and then women of the better class passed along, shrouded from head to foot in capacious black silk wrappers, while a narrow white veil, reaching from the top of the nose to the feet, by allowing the eyes only to be seen, produced a hideous ghost-like aspect. These portly dames, whose voluminous wrappings, and waddling gait when on foot, give them the appearance of walking woolsacks, were often mounted astride on donkeys, their feet placed in short stirrups, and their awkward-looking, elevated saddles, as well as the backs of the animals they rode, covered with rich carpets. An attendant held the bridle, and one or two others followed, according to their rank. Negroes of both sexes were frequently mingled with the crowd, some of them smartly dressed, with gay red turbans, while others looked as if devoted to a life of laborious slavery, or of abject destitution. The scene was now and then diversified by groups of picturesque beggars, often surrounded by numerous children, all nearly in a state of nudity, and many, partially or totally blind; those moved slowly along, constantly repeating, in a piteous tone, their importunate supplications."

The pasha, whose European reputation invests him with great personal interest, received Dr. Hogg and his companion with great courtesy, and in the course of a conversation with them gave them some useful advice, informing them that they should be furnished with such a firman in their journey to Damascus as should ensure their safety, but recommending them, if they found that the city had been forcibly entered by Ibrahim Pasha, to assume the Turkish dress.

"Mr. Thurburn agreed with his highness in opinion as to the expediency of adopting the costume of the country, observing, that *hats* had seldom been seen at Damascus, and the appearance of them at this juncture might produce discontent, or even public disturbance. The pasha replied, that the inhabitants of that city had always been barbarous, fanatic, and untractable; but that, before the end of a year, if it remained in his possession, the English consul, who had formerly been refused admission, should be established in peace and security, and *hats* no longer be considered a rarity. This last remark was accompanied with an arch look, and a hearty English laugh, on the part of the pasha, in which the only two of his suite who understood the equivocal meaning of the word as heartily joined, for hats are held in such abomination by the Turks as to be continually the subject of wit and ridicule."

In illustration of the barbarous character of the people of Damascus, his highness related the following anecdote.

"An European traveller, in the course of his journey, arrived in that city, to the great annoyance of the then governing pasha. After a short imprisonment, and suffering the punishment of the bastinado, he was dismissed, to find his way to some more hospitable asylum. On discovering to what country he belonged, it was suggested to the head of the government, that a complaint of his outrage might perhaps be made by the representative of the traveller's nation at Constantinople, and that perchance his high mightiness might some day be called to account for the severity he had exercised. To be prepared for such an 'untoward event,' the unfortunate guide who had conducted the traveller thither, was instantly seized, and five hundred blows inflicted on the soles of his feet, for having brought the governor into such a dilemma. This was considered by the authorities to be sufficient satisfaction to the traveller for the suffering he had inadvertently undergone, nor did they entertain any doubt of being elsewhere exculpated from all blame by this convincing proof of the promptitude and impartiality with which they administer justice."

Of the Greeks, his highness gave the following opinion, which are wound up with some allusion to his own history that are extremely curious.

"He was of opinion that if that country had produced any man of commanding talent, capable of uniting all parties, and of judiciously directing their efforts to one object, a favourable termination would long since have been obtained; and even now, if a prince possessed of power and wealth had been advanced to the throne, he might have reconciled the conflicting opinions and opposing interests which still distract the unhappy country, and have succeeded in establishing a government upon a solid foundation. At present, however, there was no sign that the newly-formed monarchy would be efficiently supported either by power, talent, or treasure, and how then could its stability or permanence be anticipated?

"He said he knew the Greeks well, and had long since foretold to Admiral Codrington the untimely end of Capo d'Istria, and that his prediction had been fulfilled to the very letter, although a little later than he had expected. He believed the same fate to await the new King Otho, unless he brought with him a sufficient body of troops to secure his personal safety, and a well-stored treasury to satisfy the rapacity of those who could be gained by no other means.

"He referred at some length to himself, and his own early proceedings. He said that he came into Egypt a mere unprotected soldier, with nothing but his sword and his courage to befriend him—for he had not even secured the support of an influential patron in the supreme divan at Constantinople, an advantage which those sent to distant countries generally took care to obtain—that his ambition, at that time, did not aspire to a very high grade; but, by taking advantage of circumstances as they arose, and by judiciously managing the various classes of men with whom he had to deal, he had gradually, and by his own efforts only, raised himself to the station he now filled."

The personal appearance of the pasha, and the apartment in which he received his visitors, are also possessed of some interest.

"The pasha was simply dressed—without either embroidery or jewels—and wore a sabre plainly mounted in gold. His stature is rather under the middle size; he does not appear to be more than sixty, is plump and well looking, with dark, restless, piercing eyes; an animated countenance, and a prepossessing manner. He is still fresh and unwrinkled, and although his beard is silvery, it adds only a certain dignity to his aspect, without giving him the appearance of age. His manner of speaking is quick and lively; he laughs often and heartily, and is quite free from that air of solemn dulness so characteristic of the Turks, and probably produced by the narcotic fumes they perpetually inhale.

"On the divan, a neatly folded cambric pocket-handkerchief, and a European gold snuff box, to which occasionally he had recourse, lay by his side. After our coffee, a pipe was brought for himself only, this mark of honour being never conferred on any British subject below the rank of a peer.

"The spacious apartment in which we were received, notwithstanding its splendid divan, had an empty, forlorn look. From the ceiling, indeed, a handsome glass chandelier, filled with wax lights, was suspended; but the only article of other furniture it contained was a small round table standing in the middle of the room, and upon this was placed a silver triple-branch with wax lights, each in a separate glass shade. The dreary, unpainted walls were only varied, near the door, by having on each side four or five coloured prints, in black frames, disposed without order, close together; and these seemed to consist either of a set of marine signals, or of the national colours of maritime powers."

The cavalcade of the ladies of the harem, and an account of the visit of an English lady to their secluded dwelling, are also worthy a place.

"When I had nearly reached the city, I met a curious cavalcade passing one of the gates. It consisted first of a large coach with closed blinds, preceded and surrounded by many attendants, both on horseback and on foot. Next came a crowd of females, mounted on asses and mules; and closely enveloped in white wrappers, with their features concealed by long white face-cloths. Attendants on foot led the animals they bestrode; and others, more gaily dressed, were mounted on horseback. Of the latter, the greater part, or perhaps all, were negroes, who evinced, by their consequential air, and plump, well-fed appearance, that they were the guardians to whose care women of rank are here generally consigned.

"This motley assemblage was the harem of the pasha, going to spend a few days at the house and garden I had just been inspecting. Every one carefully drew back as the troop advanced, and my own attendant perseveringly resisted all my endeavours to obtain a close view. Some foot soldiers, indeed, who formed a part of their escort, would effectually have prevented a near approach.

"An English lady, now here, informed me that she was lately invited, at the desire of the pasha, to make a visit to the secluded inmates of the viceregal harem. On taking advantage of this welcome opportunity, the reception she experienced was highly flattering. Her dress, as might be expected, excited much curiosity; and some of the most material of which it was composed were greatly admired.

"The three principal ladies, who seemed of superior rank, were treated with great deference, and served by the others. They were magnificently dressed, and their attendants were all richly decorated with gold and jewels. In manner they were perfectly easy and well bred, and no embarrassment was felt, as an Italian lady, who gave lessons in music, had been engaged to interpret between them. The dinner was served on fine English china, but on a low Turkish table. A deep flounce of brocade answered the purpose of a table-cloth; cushions were the seats; embroidered napkins were abundantly supplied, and knives, forks, and spoons were regularly laid, although the latter were much in request. The splendid apartments were furnished with rich divans and cushions, and some of them with a piano, on which several of the the attendants played with considerable proficiency.

"The chief amusement of the ladies seemed to consist in petting a little negro child—a general favourite—fed with sugar-plums, and encouraged in childish flippancy by each in her turn; and all were greatly diverted with the pert replies it frequently made. On taking leave the lady was presented with a cashmere shawl, and left the place with the agreeable impression that the visit had been productive of mutual satisfaction."

But we linger too long in Alexandria, and must hasten onwards. A lively scene in the still valley of Lacinova, on the way from Tripoli, will afford a favourable specimen in miniature of our author's descriptive powers.

"We had afterwards to descend a frightful steep, where fine plants of rhubarb grew in great abundance, and where, compelled to dismount, we thought the way both tedious and fearful. But this difficulty was trifling when compared with the dangerous descent we had next to make for the mountain gorge, instead of leading us into the lower level, as we expected, terminated in the dry, stony bed of a winter torrent, which descended with almost perpendicular abruptness into the plain beneath. Here our led horses and ourselves obtained an uncertain footing among sand and stones, while the muleteers hung with their whole weight upon the tails of the loaded beasts, to prevent their falling over and rolling to the bottom. This perilous pass achieved, we found ourselves in a small valley, every where encompassed by heights, with only one cottage within sight, near a mass of ruins, on the margin of a considerable stream.

"Having travelled five hours from our last resting-place, and suffering severely from heat, our beds, for security were arranged on the flat roof of this solitary cabin, where we consigned ourselves unsheltered to repose. The sky was without a cloud: the muleteers were sitting in a circle round their fire, eating their humble fare; the burdened beasts were placed around them, their forefeet attached together and picketed to the ground; the murmuring of the water deepened the stillness of the night, but overcome with weariness, we soon closed our eyes upon this delicious scene."

An interview with Lady Hester Stanhope—whose retirement has often been invaded by the curious—cannot be omitted. It is one of the most graphic of its kind.

"Lady Hester was seated on the sofa, with a small table before her, on which was the only chair in the room. To this she immediately directed me, for the dazzling sunshine I had left threw every thing within into temporary obscurity. Her manner, as might be supposed, was dignified and graceful, and her voice of remarkable sweetness. As I became accustomed to the light, her wisely expanded forehead, and finely modelled profile, the energetic expression of her countenance, and a complexion white as the purest marble, forcibly reminded me of some precious specimen of Greek or Roman art. Deeply sensible to the kindness of her unlooked-for correspondent, she expressed a warm interest in her happiness, and spoke of her affectionately as the friend of early days." Her conversation, always fluent and interesting, was often characterized by a depth of reflection, and shrewdness of remark, that savoured strongly of hereditary eloquence and talent.

"Her ladyship's dress was that of the country. The fringed corners of a folded handkerchief of green and yellow silk, brought so far over the forehead as to conceal the hair, fell upon her neck and shoulders. A turban, of white muslin, completed her head dress with becoming effect. Her kaftan was of striped silk, with long, loose sleeves. Over this she wore a simple cape abba, edged with gold cord—fitting closely at the neck, but unconfined at the waist—and of such a length, that the extremities only of crimson Turkish trousers could be seen, falling over her yellow shoes.

"A bell-rope, near the sofa, was slightly touched, and a negro girl quickly brought in coffee and sherbet.

"Lady Hester, adverting to her residence of eighteen years in Syria, remarked that her proceedings had often been censured because her motives were misunderstood, but as a free agent she was amenable only to the tribunal of her own judgment.—Tast having been considered as an object of curiosity to 'itinerating wanderers,' and thus rendered publicly conspicuous, contrary to her wishes, her retirement had often been invaded, and her hospitality claimed, by those who would never have ventured to present themselves to her in England without the intervention of mutual friends. She professed her readiness to assist any of her countrymen who really required aid, and her willingness at all times to receive intelligent travellers in search of information, but declared her invincible repugnance to obtrusive visits of mere curiosity, often made with no other view than to elicit her opinions, which, garbled, mistated, and committed to the press, only served to expose her to annoyance and derision.

"On this subject she enlarged with great energy and animation. She stated that her object had once [illegible] hoped to have enabled future travellers to investigate with security other ancient sites and interesting monuments. She affirmed that fragments of forgotten sciences were still preserved in remote corners of the East, and that many philosophical inquiries, from the farthest extremities of Persia and India, devoted themselves by laborious travel, not only to obtain but to disseminate knowledge. By their means she had succeeded in discovering the secret of the unfading dyes for which some countries are celebrated, and the art of fabricating thoroughly-tempered arms for which others are distinguished—that it had been her wish to promote an advantageous interchange of useful arts between distant and unconnected countries. Her plans, however had been frustrated by the very people for whose benefit they were chiefly intended. From various motives she had been beset by travellers belonging to every European nation. Some had attempted to deceive her by affecting to enter into her views—others had considered her as influenced by some visionary illusion—not was 'a ramble in Syria deemed complete, if one lion remained unseen.' Hence, her house had been regarded as the privileged *hospice* of every 'home-sick wandering'—her privacy had been intruded upon—her liberality abused, and the confidence just belonging to domestic association violated, until, at length, she had been compelled, to close the door.

"Amid much desultory conversation, of the highest interest, mingled with anecdotes of her father's talents and peculiarities, and of her residence with her uncle during the last period of his stormy career, she referred to the intellectual superiority of the great political leaders with whom she had been in intimate association. On my expressing surprise that she should have relinquished such enviable advantages, she replied with deep emotion, 'I have lived with Mr. Pitt—with whom could I afterwards live?'"

An anecdote of a distressing domestic calamity that befel lady Hester's household in 1828, is here, we believe, published for the first time.

"A contagious fever crept into her establishment, which consisted of eighteen or twenty individuals. It spread widely among the domestics, and terror soon rendered them incapable of taking care of each other. The duty of nursing the sick thus devolved upon her. [illegible] Miss Williams, who had accompanied her from England. The contagion at length attacked the mouth. Lady Hester for many days lay in a state of hopeless insensibility, from which she would probably never have recovered, but for the attachment of a grateful widow, once rescued from destitution by her bounty, who now came to see, for the last time, her dying benefactress.

"The doors of the house stood open—the unconscious invalid had been deserted by her servants in terror. The poor woman believed there was no hope, but resolved to remain with her to the last. Anxious to contribute to her comfort she attempted to moisten her arched lips. Perceiving that the power of swallowing had not entirely ceased, she joyfully supported her with broth and milk, and never quitted her side until the crisis were restored. But this came the moment of trial—it could not long be concealed, that during Lady Hester's insensibility Miss Williams had fallen a sacrifice. A counsellor's reward, she used to [illegible] her long and faithful services, had also shared the same fate and a long [illegible] of her most faithful friends. But there had been other victims—Overwhelmed with affliction, Lady Hester's convalescence was tedious; the loss of her valued companion, together with humble ever regained her former vivacity, or recovered her healthful appearance."

The first view of Jerusalem draws from the traveller's burst of reflection, that strikes in some sort of meditative of a lamentation, outrunning her present condition with her past.

"At length our fervent wishes were accomplished—Jerusalem, the object of our tiresome pilgrimage, was before us—but the discordial spirit of battlements, towers, and domes, produced a feeling of painful intensity, and an involuntary shudder. A thousand early associations, including the cerements, seemed to start into swift life. On the favoured spot patriarchs and prophets had dwelt, and here the perfect pattern of boundless commiseration, of pure beneficence, the glorious example of patient endurance, of superhuman submission, had been displayed by the meek and lowly Saviour of mankind. Here am those walls where Solomon had reigned in a long and glorious reign, who had often met in deadly affliction—all had again and again been involved in discordance dissolution—the rose of Sharon and the lily of the field had been alike trodden down, ere [illegible], that had once 'crowned the mountain like a diadem,' was now stretched at our feet—wasted—discoloured—crumbling in sackcloth and ashes. Her borders mourned in solitary—few miserable huts and [illegible] tombs only visible in the stony earth, were scattered around parched and silly—with scarcely a tree or a blade of grass to relieve the dazzling dreariness of waste. The sources of fruitfulness seemed to have shrunk beneath the withering influence of the curse; the germs of fertility have been blighted by a desolating blast. Scattered tufts of foliage still wither on the mount of Olives and gave hope that sentences of fruitfulness had not been irrevocably passed upon a devoted land."

After a considerable difficulty the travellers obtained entrance to an hospice within the gate.

"Admitted to a neglected court, surrounded by mean buildings, we marked on one side a small chapel, near a dismal pulsive room, in which twenty or thirty native boys were learning Arabic lessons. On the other side was a staircase leading to three or four comfortless apartments, where we were received by one of the brotherhood, who resides in the hospice to perform religious service and to superintend the arrangements required by the inmates.

"This edifice was built at the middle of the last century to accommodate pilgrims, is though at Easter with Syrian Catholics, but now contained only two strangers, both them French; one collecting specimens of natural history, the other on a pilgrimage to the various sacred stations in the east. Two dreary rooms were assigned us. The largest, with a coved ceiling, and better the best in the establishment, was furnished with a high stool and a small moveable platform, intended for the traveller's mattress, for in the East beds are never provided. A thick, rough plank supported by four rude legs, the whole presenting the unwieldy and uncouth form of a chopping block, did the duty of a table, while a solitary high-backed chair, that required the strength of two persons to lift, caught, from its form and size, have served the bearers of the crused.—This I was assured had been the only apartment of the late Queen Caroline during her stay in the holy city, and there still remains a clumsy framework of wood, then constructed to admit hand hangings to be placed before the part where she slept. The other rooms offered no accommodation beyond the stool and platform."

The miserable state of the town is thus truly described.

"Like other Turkish towns, the survey of the interior disappoints the expectations excited by its external appearance. The streets are narrow and uneven. Irregularly placed houses, with diminutive doors, and now and then a projecting upper window, are badly built, and from the scarcity and dearness of timber are usually covered with rude, bee-hive-shaped roofs. In some directions are detached heaps of ruins, and in others are enclosures fenced with the prickly Indian fig. Towards the Jews' quarter, some extensive ranges of walls and arches, the remains of the spacious hospital of the Knights of Malta, are still considered by the Hebrew inhabitants as English property. A few stragglers only are seen wandering in the streets—the bazaars are miserably furnished—one of them, arched and dark, is falling fast to ruin.

"The trade of the town is confined to chaplets, crosses, carved shells, models of the sacred places, and mother-of-pearl receptacles for holy water, which sanctified in the sepulchre, are eagerly sought for, and widely distributed through Catholic Europe. So low, however, is the state of art, but one individual only, an ingenious and intelligent Jew, can engrave the seal rings so generally worn in the East, while a few Christians carve rudely in mother-of-pearl, or tattoo the arms of pilgrims, with sacred symbols. Of bread and meat there is no lack, but of the latter little variety. Fruit and vegetables are sparingly supplied, although on Fridays the neighbouring peasants hold a kind of market—those of the Moslem faith assembling for devotion, as well as to dispose of their scanty produce."

We must here take leave of the author, commending our readers to the volumes for the rest of the journey. We have derived unmixed pleasure from their perusal, and have no hesitation in assigning to them a very high place among the best modern works of travel.

From the Portland Advertiser.

BROOKS' LETTERS.

Things in Florence.

No. XC. — Nov. 1835.

Let us now see what are some of those works of art, which Florence boasts the possession of within her palaces;—but in my hurried sketch, I can only speak of the most remarkable in galleries crowded with works of art. The marble Queen of Florence, which the whole world has agreed to admire as a piece of statuary unsurpassed in delicacy and beauty, is the "Venus de Medici,"—the Venus of the Medici, of whom I have already spoken. This Venus was found in the villa of Adrian at Tivoli. The sculptor is unknown, but it is generally believed to be the work of Praxiteles, who flourished 330 years before Christ. The celestial purity, the heavenly modesty, and the godlike grace of this Bride of Heaven, have been themes of admiration with all who have seen her, even to the days of Byron, who was "dazzled and drunk with its beauty." Nude as it is, not an improper feeling is inspired—and there is not a woman in the world who could not regard it without a blush, with such an inspiration of purity does even the marble seem to be imbued. It stands in a room called the Tribune, a small octagon temple, and there it is associated with other of the most valuable works of art. The Apollino, or youthful Apollo, is a corresponding model of manly beauty in the same room.—Two Wrestlers, the vanquished and the conquering, are also here, which, with the Dancing Fawn, and the Scythian slave preparing to flay Marsyas, make the other ornaments of this little splendid room.—But the walls are as richly decked with master paintings, as the floor is covered with statues. A sleeping Endymion, and a Samian Sibyl by Guercino, who is styled the Magician of Paintings, are beautiful pictures, greatly admired. The Holy Family by Michael Angelo, a Virgin in contemplation by Guido, St. John in the desert, and the Fornarina of Raphael are among the pictures very remarkable for beauty. *La Fornarina*, the favorite mistress of Raphael, his inspiration and his model, almost divides empire in the Tribune with the Venus of Praxiteles,—and as a woman she appears to be on canvass what the Venus is on marble, though the sculptor's art is my eye, triumphs over his of the pencil. The Venus of Titian is the opposite of her in marble, for Titian's is not only young and beautiful, but is nude upon a couch, her right hand decked with flowers and her whole figure beaming with voluptuous looks.

I do not know where to go with you next, into this galleries of gems; for wherever I look I see enough to detain me in the study of months,—and yet I have not the heart to stop. But neither Venuses nor Apollos will give an American bread, and therefore I must whip up my courser, and dash with him upon the road. This is a specimen of the land of Syrens;—and though I am far from being contended in it, yet it is difficult to get out of its sway. "Like Niobe all tears," is a famous metaphor in all the works of the day, and suppose, then, that we go into her hall here, and see what she is. This Niobe, you know, was the daughter of Tantalus, and married Amphion, by whom she had seven sons and seven daughters.—Proud of her progeny, she ventured to insult Latona, because she was the mother of only two, Apollo and Diana. Latona in wrath, summoned her children when Apollo undertook to kill all of Niobe's sons, and Diana all the daughters, excepting only one, who had married the King of Pylos. Niobe herself, stupified at her woes, was metamorphosed into a stone, or according to some, into a fountain of tears. This celebrated group of statuary in the Hall of Niobe, commemorate the event. The figure of Niobe stands at the head of the hall, and her youngest daughter, terrified and kneeling, seeks refuge in her mother's arms. Ovid alludes to this part of the history thus:

"De multis minimam posco clamavit et unam;
Dumque rogat, pro qua rogat, occidit."

"My youngest child, ah! spare! the frantic mother cries,
While yet she heaven implores, the hapless maiden dies."

Her sons and her daughters are shown in various attitudes, some dead, some dying, some just stricken, some attempting to fly, and some looking upwards to heaven. This group, it is said, once occupied, collectively, the tympan of a temple. Now the children are arranged in an oblong hall, in a right line, in defiance of nature, and of the story which the group presents. It was found at Rome, near the Porta Ostiensis.

Among the first objects which strike the attention of the visitant upon entering this Gallery of the Arts, is a Wild Boar, said to be of Grecian sculpture, and so very remarkable for its execution, that copies of it are seen in almost all the civilized nations of the world.—The ceiling of the first corridor, which is an immense gallery, is adorned with arabesques. Portraits of the most renowned characters of antiquity, generals, statesmen, princes, and literati, are on the walls.—Busts of the Roman emperors, with many of their relations, go round the corridors. In the second corridor, are Cupids, Bacchi, Bacchantes, Mercurys, Psyches, Ganymedes with the eagle, and a Venus whose head is encircled by a diadem, which seems to have been originally colored with Tyrian purple, and enriched with gold and precious stones. The ceiling of this immense gallery is adorned with paintings, representing the revival of the arts and sciences, with other historical subjects, in which are introduced portraits of all the most eminent characters among the Florentines. All these galleries are lined with statues or paintings. I give but a specimen of what there are in them in order to give you an idea of the whole.—There is a cabinet of the sculpture of the fifteenth century. There is also a cabinet of modern bronzes, the most remarkable piece in which is a Mercury standing on the wind, by John of Bologna, a bronze masterpiece of art, in which the Mercury really seems to be standing on a zephyr. There is then a cabinet of antique bronzes, in which are Lares, Roman, Egyptian, and Etruscan divinities, a Roman eagle which belonged to the twenty fourth legion, Altars, Tripods, Mural crowns, Hippographs, Chimeras, helmets, spurs, bits, mirrors of white metal, and candlesticks of iron, &c. &c. There is a cabinet of ancient vases in *terra cotta*, but that in Naples is far [illegible]. Another cabinet is adorned with paintings by Albano, Carlo Dolci, Caravaggio, Rubens, and [illegible] *Madonna* [illegible] *Pomba* [illegible]. In this cabinet are four tables of [illegible] Mosaic work, called *Opera di Commesso*, which are composed of specks of gems, and minute pieces of the hard stones of [illegible], so placed as to imitate flowers, insects, and paintings of every description.—The Octagon Table in the centre of the cabinet, has agates, topazes, onyxes, agate, lapis lazuli, &c., and it occupied the time of twenty-two artists for twenty-five years, and cost nearly one hundred thousand dollars. This is of money enough too, [illegible] one table, but it seems to me the money [illegible] the labour of man [illegible] there. The Cabinet of the Hermaphrodite [illegible] a Hermaphrodite [illegible] Hermes [illegible] Alexander very much admired. In the Cabinet of Egypt are antiquities are mummies and the coffins in which they are found, with many other things of Egyptian antiquity. In the Cabinet containing Portraits of Painters, chiefly done by themselves, is the celebrated vase of the Villa Medicis adorned with basso relievo, representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia.—The whole host of painters can be seen here, and the view is a delightful one of so many fine heads, of so many great men thus clustered together. From these are cabinets with pictures of the Venetian school, of the French school, of the Flemish school, of the Dutch school, and of the Italian school, in each of which there are some remarkable paintings by some of the great men in each. The Cabinet of Gems is also the gem of the cabinets, for it is ornamented with fine columns of oriental alabaster, and verde antique, and contains a most valuable collection of gems, most of which were collected by the Medicean princes, together with a table of Florentine mosaic work executed when the manufacture was in its infancy, and representing the ancient part of Leghorn.

I have thus run rapidly through this gallery of the arts, stopping here and there, as something extraordinary took me out of the way of my running course.—What a school it is of antiquity, and of the middle ages, and of the arts in all past time, I need not stop to dwell upon, for all can see. The choice treasures here of the Venus de Medici,—of the Medicean vase, on which is Iphigenia beautifully expecting her hapless doom before the altar of Diana, (for copies of which vase, by the way, Englishmen at times give 2000 dollars or more)—of the group of Niobe, and her children—the Fornarina, the Appollino—and of the Hermaphrodite of ambiguous beauty, draw thousands of visiters here from all parts of the earth, where art is known or adored. The gallery presents a series of paintings, representing the art from its earliest dawn to its latest refinements, and in one of the corridors may be seen scriptural subjects painted by some Greek artists as far back as the thirteenth century, so that the stiff, angular and unmeaning Virgin and her child, daubed with gilt and spangled drapery, may be traced up to the divine conceptions of a Raphael. Gods! I turn again, for I want to plunder all, and carry all to our own land as the nursery of arts there. As I have said before, the Romans stole many of these treasures from the Greeks. Barbarians then stole from them. Each was civilized by the possession of them in their return. Buonaparte plundered. The Holy Alliance re-plundered from him. Who knows but what our turn may come next. What cannot be bought, nor made, nor obtained in any other manner—may it not be plundered? You see what a Gentleman George I am becoming. The Venus that graced the Louvre, as a trophy of Buonaparte, how prettily it would grace a wing of the American Capitol! What have you to say to that? B.

THE GOSPEL.

BY MRS. [illegible].

Night wraps the realm where Jesus woke—
No guiding star the Magi see,
And heavy hangs Oppression's yoke,
Where first the Gospel said 'be free.'

And where the harps of angels bore
High message to the shepherd throng,
Good will and peace' are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

Swarth India, with her idol-train,
Bends low, by Ganges' worshipped tide,
Or drowns the Suttee's shriek of pain,
With thundering song and pagan pride.

On Persia's hills the Sophis grope,
Dark Burmah greets Salvation's ray,
E'en jealous China's door of hope
Unbars to give the gospel way.

Old Ocean, with his isles, awakes,—
Cold Greenland feels mysterious flame,
And humble Afric wondering takes
On her sad lips a Saviour's name.

Their steps the forest children stay,
Bound in Oblivion's voiceless shore,
And lift their red brows to the day,
Which from the opening skies doth pour.

Oh aid with prayer that holy light
Which from eternal death can save,
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

Still in the forming hour of youth,
Combine with Education's sway
Those seeds of heaven implanted truth,
Whose fruit can never know decay.

Kneel while unsoiled joy doth glow
Resplendent on the blooming cheek,
And for the climes of heathen wo,
A blest Redeemer's pity seek.

Beat sweetly with the classic page
The love of Heaven, sublime and fair
So beauty's brow when dimmed with age,
The lustre of the soul shall wear.

REVIEW OF LIFE.

What a variety of pleasing and painful thoughts and feelings does the recollection of past years excite in the mind! I have seen days of prosperity and gladness, and days of adversity and sorrow. I have enjoyed the love of relatives and friends, and conversed with the wise and good. But many of those who were the nearest and dearest to me, are gone down to the grave; and I stand like an aged tree, surrounded by a new generation. The spring is past; the summer is ended: the autumn is almost closing, and winter is at hand.

Shall I indulge in sadness and grief? No: I would most thankfully acknowledge the divine goodness. I have enjoyed numberless blessings, and I now put my severest trials among them.

What blessings in Providence have I to recount; God has preserved me, provided for me, guided me, and "done all things well." I have had friends and benefactors. The evil which I feared, did not befall me: and good things which I never expected, have been granted me. Truly, it becomes me to be thankful.

When I look to spiritual blessings, how shall I express my gratitude! I might have been left to spend my years in ignorance, pride, and folly; but in the tender mercy of the Most High, I have been made acquainted with the way of life, and peace, and everlasting blessedness. I might have been at this moment a careless, presuming, miserable trifler on the borders of eternity: but "by the grace of God, I am what I am."

But what shall I say, on the review of my conduct? What have I rendered to the Lord for all his benefits? What have I done for his glory, and for the good of men? When I look on the talents committed to my care, what shall I say respecting my use or abuse of them? Have I faithfully improved my spiritual blessings, and lived as a true follower of Christ!

Alas! I have not fully and rightly improved any talent; any mercy; any portion of the divine bounty. "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified."

But I trust that, through divine grace, I have not been altogether faithless, inactive, and useless. I have reason to be ashamed and penitent; but I have reason also to be thankful and rejoice. I have not wholly forgotten God, and his word, and the duty of the true Christian.

I now find it an easy thing to discover how I should have acted; what I ought to have done: and I chide myself for my former indolence and perverseness. How much of life has been wasted in doing nothing! How much of it has been spent in fine speculations, airy fancies, specious purposes, and inefficient resolves! How small a portion of good for myself, and in doing good for the benefit of others!

What reason have I to admire the goodness and forbearance of God! I would magnify his grace by which I am what I am; by which only I have been enabled to order my conversation to any measure aright. I would magnify that grace which has done great things for me: but I would take shame and confusion to myself, when I consider how little I have done for my divine Benefactor.

I acknowledge my numberless transgressions and my unprofitableness: and I extol the divine goodness, by which, I trust, I have been redeemed from ignorance, sin, and death: and I cannot refuse to cherish the hope, that He who has been good to me will yet continue his goodness to me, and that I shall praise Him for ever—Jehovah—Father, Son, and Spirit—the Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier.

O my Soul! thou hast been made to take the Bible for thy teacher and guide. Thou hast been enabled to receive, in some measure, the offered blessings, and to rejoice in the consolations, of the gospel of Christ. Thou knowest spiritual things in a spiritual manner. Be humble and penitent, as thou considerest thy past misconduct; and gratefully acknowledge the divine goodness. While the outward man totters and decays, while this world is receding and fading from thy view, let faith prevail, and let thy language be gratitude and praise. "My lips shall greatly rejoice, when I sing unto Thee; and my soul, which Thou hast Redeemed. My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long."

Thou art now, O my Soul, standing, as it were, upon an eminence, from which thou mayest see the past and the future. Behind thee is a world with which thou hast been for a long time familiar, and in which thy pilgrimage is coming to a close. Before thee is the remnant of thy days, and then a world without limits and without change; a world that is everlasting.

Value, O my Soul! the remnant of thy life on earth. Use greater diligence and fidelity, and let thy last days be thy best days. Be thou the courageous soldier and the laborious servant of Christ, even till the sun descends, and thou art dismissed for ever from conflict and from toil. Weaned from a world which thou art about to leave, and breathing the spirit of that world on which thou art about to enter, the conclusion of thy mortal course shall be like a fine autumnal evening: it may have its clouds and dark shades; but a mellow effulgence shall shine forth; and then thou shalt depart in faith, hope, and peace.

Most merciful and gracious Lord, I thankfully acknowledge thy goodness to me during all my days. Mercy and goodness have hitherto followed me. "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth." Make me patient and humble, thankful and joyful; and enable me to spend the residue of life to thy glory, and to the good of my fellow-creatures; through Jesus Christ our only Saviour. Amen. JENNS.

EVENING MUSIC AT SEA.

On one of the delicious afternoons of February, peculiar to the West Indies, as the sun was declining below the western horizon, the beautiful Hornet lay in a calm near the Island of Cuba. The sea was uncommonly smooth, imparting hardly sufficient motion to the buoyant ship, to detach the sails as they lay listless against the masts. I had never, until then, fully realized the oft-repeated comparison of the bosom of the ocean to a mirror; but now the truth of it came home to me, and I felt that there was sublimity, even in the calm of the "mighty deep." I could not gaze on it without being awakened, by the contrast, of the tempest that at times sweeps over it; and thence to the solemn emotions associated with its contemplation, [illegible] with the power.

But though no breath raised a ripple on its surface, there was a swelling, but gentle swell, as if could the usual beds beneath, some lovely [illegible] sit slumbers, while the waters above [illegible] with its steady breathing. Occasionally, "a [illegible] up sea-bird" would flit by unheeded, or descending kiss the wave, and soar aloft again till lost in space. Then would a shining dolphin rush in pursuit of the terrified flying fish; and some, glisten in the far depths, almost shedding light through the waters with the gloss of his silvery sides.

The sun was setting. How gloriously rose upon me the force of these lines—

"Not, as in northern climes, obscurely [illegible]
But one unclouded blaze of living light!"

The whole ocean seemed of liquid gold, and the sky, far up, glowed as if some blazing spirit hovered in the void. The rays of the sun penetrating the water horizontally, looked like gilded wands, so distinct and brilliant was the refraction. It was a scene to inspire emotions of a lofty character.—Before us was the glorious orb of light and life, sinking as it were, to rest, in its emblem of the eternity over which we hovered; and above, spread the cloudless ether, reflecting the deep blue of the wave beneath, unmarred by a single cloud.

At this hour, a few of the officers assembled on the forecastle to contemplate the scene; and recalling the joys of other days, to hold that converse, which, in a small degree alleviates the privations of a seaman's life. With characteristic versatility, they passed from topic to topic, seldom dwelling long on one, till the shades of twilight fell around, their feelings assumed a congenial hue, and graver themes were touched. The pall of night, set with stars, was thrown about the expiring day, and the moon shaking off her watery panoply, rose full and clear, shedding a broad stream of silver light as far as the eye could reach.

Then it was the remembrance of the past crowded up like odors from a bed of flowers, lulling the feeling to that delicious calmness, which pleasant memories always inspire, and which none feel more sensibly than the tempest tossed mariner. The father dwelt in tenderness on his distant family; the brother recalled the unbidden assiduities of a sister's love, and the son, as he leaned against the mast, his features set in the sedateness of sober reflection, felt his heart softened by the recollection of a mother's care. But few remarks were made. All felt that the silence which reigned above, beneath and around should not be disturbed. Each one had retired to the recess of his own heart—a sanctuary too sacred to be violated.

Such was the state of feeling, when a clear mellifluous voice, slowly poured forth the first line of that exquisite song—"Home, sweet home!" As the words "Mid pleasures and palaces" swelled upon the air, a single exclamation of pleasure escaped the hearers, and they again relapsed into silence. We had often heard the song, but never had it come so thrillingly as then. Had it been sung by even an ordinary performer, its effect would have been great; but breathed as it was with a fervor and feeling I have never known excelled; in a voice, full manly and touching, it could but produce a powerful impression. As the singer proceeded, the circle was augmented. The sturdy seaman seated himself with calm gravity, and by the side of the youthful midshipman, listened with enthralled attention. The man whose locks were whitened, equally with the boy whose features were unmarked by the furrows of time and care, seemed to drink in the beautiful words as a healing draught.

O, how magical is music at such an hour!

It comes to the heart like a flood of sunshine, dispelling its gathering mists, and causing high aspirations to spring into strength and beauty. The whole elevated above the narrowness of earth, and he seeks in thought to commune with the intelligence of a higher world, and with that Being,

"Who plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Thus were the feelings of the listening group when the performer, at the close of the first verse, eloquently burst forth with the words, "There's no place like home!" An emotion was visible to all. There was a tremor in his voice showing that he felt the influence of the line; and when he concluded it, his pause was longer than usual, and a deep sigh escaped him.

When he recommenced—"An exile from home," the agitation in those around, was merged in attention at the song, but his increased. His face was slightly averted, and the rays of the moon as they fell upon it, and glistened in the tear that rested on his cheek, gave additional effect to the expression almost of agony stamped upon his features. He was, indeed as I know, "an exile from home," though from what cause I never could discover,— and the smothered grief of years was now loosed, and flowed in unrestrained power over him.

He continued. As the song drew to a close his emotion increased, with that of every one who listened. At length, as the line, "There's no place like home," rose on the stillness of the hour the last time, a rush of feeling was evident and in many showed itself in tears! The man who from childhood had "braved the foaming brine," and had stood without fear on the brink of eternity; and he, who, an outcast from the society of the virtuous and the good, knew no home, alike with the being of turbid passions and unhallowed deeds, gave a tribute to him, who had so well timed and so feelingly executed one of the most grateful songs that ever greets the seaman's ear. Oh! it was good to look on men I had considered in iniquity, thus throwing open the floodgates of long pent affections, they might once more gladden and purify the soul! I could not think such men entirely lost; I could but look on human nature in a fairer and more pleasing aspect.

No one spoke; and after a few moments, in which all else was banished by the one dear thought of the distant home we had exchanged for our "home upon the deep," each one sought his pillow, I do not doubt, a purer and a better man.

TO MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

My Mother! weary years have pass'd since last
I met thy gentle smile; and sadly then
It fell upon my young and joyous heart,
There was a mortal paleness on thy cheek,
And well I knew, they bore thee far away
With a vain hope to mend the broken springs—
The springs of life. And bitter tears I shed
In childhood's short-lived agony of grief,
When soothing voices said that thou wert gone,
And that I must not weep, for thou wert blest!
Full many a flower has bloom'd upon thy grave
And many a winter's snow has melted there;
Childhood has pass'd and youth is passing now,
And scatters paler roses on thy path;
Dim and more dim my fancy paints thy form,
Thy mild blue eye, thy cheek so thin and fair,
Touch'd when I saw thee last, with hectic flush,
Telling, in solemn beauty, of the grave.
Mine ear hath lost the accents of thy voice,
And faintly o'er my memory comes at times
A glimpse of joys that had their source in thee.
Like one brief strain of some forgotten song.
And then at times a blessed dream comes down,
Mission'd, perhaps, by thee from brighter realms;
And wearing all the semblance of thy form,
Gives to my heart the joy of days gone by,
With gushing tears I wake; O, art thou not
Unseen and bodiless around my path,
Watching with brooding love about thy child?
Is it not so, my mother? I will not
Think it a fancy, wild, and vain and false,
That spirits good and pure as thine, descend
Like guardian angels round the few they loved,
Oft intercepting coming woes, and still
Joying on every beam that gilds our paths;
And waving snowy pinions o'er our heads
When midnight slumbers close our aching eyes.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The Thames Tunnel now advances at the rate of 4½ feet a week. More than 700 feet out of 1300, are now completed. The weekly progress will soon be increased to 8 or 9 feet.

John Pond, Esq. the eminent astronomer, died on the 7th of September. He had held the important and useful office of Astronomer Royal for twenty-five years.

The King is said to have ordered the removal of a bust of the Duke of Bedford, from the gallery at Windsor Castle, on learning that his grace had subscribed to the O'Connell tribute.

Messrs. Stephenson & Co. of Newcastle, are constructing a locomotive engine for the emperor of Russia, the speed of which is warranted to be 40 miles an hour. The rail-way is six feet wide, and the wheels of the locomotive are six feet in diameter.

A ship with 300 emigrants from the Isle of Skye and other parts of the Scottish Highlands, sailed from Greenock about the first of September, for St. John, New Brunswick. Agricultural distress was very severe in the Highlands.

Bicheno, once celebrated as a pugilist, died lately; he was nearly 74 years old.

Captain Nails Sinclair, of his majesty's 55th regiment, while on the road from Bellary to Madras, to take his trial by court-martial for certain charges, being himself in an outbreak with his wife [illegible]. He was the senior captain of the regiment.

Further arrests have taken place in Paris on account of alleged conspiracies.

The French government had appointed a new ministry to Spain, in place of M. Rayneval, deceased.

Money was quite scarce in England, and American bills, which seemed to labor more than others, had been discounted at six per cent.

The harvests in England and on the continent were plentiful and well secured.

It is said that King Otho, after his marriage with the Princess of Saxe Altenburg, will pass a fortnight at Paris.

At the last session, Mr. Platt put the following question to a witness in the Nisi Prius Court. —"Didn't you come to Maidstone this morning, upon your oath?" Answer: "No, I came on horseback."

The Marquis of Waterford is in the Mediterranean. He has Lord John Beresford with him, in a cruise of the isles of the "tideless sea," in the Gem Yacht. The Marquis, it is to be hoped, will come home a little wiser. If his Yacht carries as little ballast as himself, she will soon be a wall upon the sea.

It is calculated that between the present time and the 20th inst. nearly 40,000 troops will be assembled under the command of General Harispe on the frontier of the Pyrenees, and that about a month ago they were scarcely 8,000. We think if the latter number were increased a little, and the former diminished, both would be nearer the truth.

At last we find the resignation of the marquis of Sligo as governor of Jamaica, accounted for. He had removed a Dr. Palmer from the office of stipendiary magistrate, and lord Glenelg reinstated the doctor, whereupon the marquis resigned.

Lord Eldon.—The old lawyer reached his 85th year on the 4th of June last. His mental faculties are still clear and as strong as ever, and he enjoys the society of his friends. He has a "lease of a long life," in the form of a troublesome gout, which at times brings him quite low.

Railways.—Some idea of the employment which railways will find for the laboring classes, may be formed from the fact that at this moment, between 10,000 and 11,000 men are employed on the London and Birmingham railway only.

The constitution of 1812 was solemnly proclaimed at Barcelona on the 20th August. After the celebration of mass, which was publicly read in each of the parish churches, all the civil and military officers took the oath of fidelity in the great hall of the palace. Gen. Aldama, second in command of the principality, and captain-general ad interim, presided at the ceremony, and afterwards reviewed the troops, amidst acclamations in favor of liberty, the queen, and the regent. General Mina could not be present, being confined by severe indisposition.

A voluminous correspondence had taken place between Lord John Russell and Mr. J. S. Buckingham, M. P. originating in some very severe observations of the latter upon the conduct of ministers and of Lord John Russell in particular, relative to certain claims upon the East India Company, set up by Mr. Buckingham. A duel was frequently hinted at in the course of the correspondence, but both gentlemen finally came to the conclusion that they would fight out their battle on the floor of the House of Commons.

Mr Rothschild's Will.—We find in the London papers, by which we observe he gives 300,000l. per annum to his widow, with his house in Piccadilly and that purchased by him for the Princess Amelia, and all the furniture, plate, and jewels; 150,000l. to each of his daughters; 100,000l. to each of his wife's brothers, and 500l. to each of her sisters; 10,000l. to Mr. Cohen, one of his executors, some charitable donations, and the residue to be equally divided among his four sons, who are to continue the business exactly as heretofore, in conjunction with the houses in Vienna, Frankfort and Paris. On proving the will, the personal estate in England was sworn to be less than 1,600,000l. The probate duties amounted to 15,000l.

Mr. Green made an ascent in his mammoth Balloon from Vauxhall Gardens on the 9th September, accompanied by eight persons. They ascended rapidly in presence of a great number of spectators, to a height of two and a half miles. The atmosphere below was cloudy—but they had not ascended more than three-fourths of a mile before they found themselves in a brilliant sunshine. They floated first to the east and then to the southeast, and descended near the village of Cliffe in Kent, where they slept. The party were much delighted by their excursion. Mr. Graham made an ascent on the 6th, during a violent thunder shower. He describes the trip as extremely grand, from the extraordinary appearance of the clouds, and the flashes of vivid lightning, which were visible far beneath him.—He was obliged to bale the water out of his car, owing to the torrents of rain which fell. He ascended more than three miles, and at the greatest altitude found the cold very intense.—*London paper.*

Anecdote of Admiral Cornwallis.—I remember a very curious anecdote of this very remarkable and gallant officer, Admiral Cornwallis. He was a man of very few words, but they were very weighty and forcible when they fell. When he commanded either the Canada or the Lion in the West Indies, I forget which, the seamen were dissatisfied with him for some cause or other, and when the ship was going before the wind, they threw a letter over the stern which they contrived should be blown into the stern gallery. In this document they expressed a determination not to fight should they come in the presence of the enemy. Cornwallis read the letter, went on deck, turned his hands up, and thus addressed them:—"So, my lads, I find you don't intend to fight if we meet the French; well, never mind, I'll take care you shall be well shot at, for I will lay you near enough." They gave him three hearty cheers, and in the subsequent battle no ship could have behaved better.—*Capt. Brenton's Naval History.*

Singular Effect of Lightning.—A French gentleman—Mr. Barre, residing at La Haye has communicated to the French Academy the singular fact that in an avenue belonging to him grew a poplar, some of the top branches of which the lightning broke, and ran down along the trunk without injuring the bark. The tree at that time (July), measured a foot in circumference. In the April following, the trunk had exactly doubled its size, while the trees close to it had retained the same girth, and the sap flowed in such abundance as to force its way through the crevices in the bark. We have heard of a recent discovery by which a crop of water cresses, or young lettuce, may be raised, extemporaneously as it were, by passing a current of electricity through the vase containing the seed; but to increase trees a foot in circumference by a single *coup de foudre*, is sufficiently marvellous for our credulity.

The following is from the *Droit*:—"Of the 40 persons, arrested since Sunday, on suspicion of a conspiracy, the greater number have been interrogated, and some set at liberty. This affair is said to be connected with that of the Impasse St. Sebastian, which we mentioned a few days ago, when 21 men were arrested while seated round a table after a festival, and some packets of cartridges, &c. were seized. This was learned from the confession of two prisoners, Pecquery and [illegible], who were subsequently separated from the rest, and sent to the Conciergerie. Four others were conducted to the prison of La Force, and the rest remained confined at the Prefecture. [illegible]

Saturday Evening Post.

OCTOBER 22, 1836.

To Correspondents.

"J. M." we beg leave to decline. The sentiments are commendable, but the versification, indifferent.

The "notice for a wife" shows a want of harmony, too inconsistent with the writer's design, of forming a matrimonial union.

"The Spirit Bride." The commencement—"I sat myself down by the side of a hill," is not sufficiently ethereal for the title.

"Isadore" is accepted.

"[illegible]" is declined.

We shall be pleased to hear from "Clara" again.

The selection of "G." is too commonplace for insertion.

"The Serenade," is declined.

Milk.—Arrangements have been made by an enterprising citizen at the south end, to supply all his neighborhood at least, with any quantity of milk at six cents a quart. The milk will be brought to town by rail-road from Worcester county, and sold from shops. The plan is a good one, and must succeed, says the Boston Transcript.

We should suppose a similar arrangement might be made in this city, with farmers, in the vicinity of rail-roads leading to Philadelphia, which would be mutually profitable to the parties.

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICE.

The following description of the personal qualifications of a western editor is copied from the Conneaut (Ohio) Gaz.

"While at Columbus, we happened to get a peep at the vile scavenger, who administers his nauseous garbage, to the readers of his publication. His guilty eye was never raised in our presence to a level.

Villainy, dark and deep, was impressed more fully on his dull, phlegmatic features, than any other man we ever saw. His averted face, showed, as near as could be ascertained, an obtuseness of intellect, bordering on an absolute absence of original ideas, save the occasional brightening, at the occurrence of some new falsehood, or at the prospect of applying some old falsehood to a new state of circumstances."

Incendiary Attempt.—A most flagitious and daring attempt was made in New York, to burn the building occupied by Messrs. Pray & Weld, as the office of the Pearl. The fire was kindled in the room occupied by these gentlemen as their counting room, between six and seven o'clock in the morning. A basket containing combustible materials was placed in a corner, two sticks of a considerable size were crossed on the top of the basket, and above there was heaped a great quantity of paper, in bundles. The attempt is the more daring, from being executed by day light, and in a room in which a young man had already been. The fire was discovered by Mr. Chamberlain, who has a shop opposite, who was alarmed by seeing smoke copiously issuing from the windows. He burst open the door, and with the aid of others extinguished the flames without giving the alarm. The fire had made rapid progress, and in a few moments would have obtained a strong hold. Mr. Pray lost several hundred dollars worth of sheets and also Mr. Weld. The damage to the building was about one hundred dollars.

Destructive Fires in New York.—Last Sunday evening, about 9 o'clock fire was discovered in the long range of stables at the corner of Christopher and Washington streets, owned by William Freeborn, butcher. The flames soon extended to Nos. 648, 650, 652 Washington st.

About 12 o'clock a second fire broke out in the two story brick front building 64 Ann street, occupied as a carpenter's shop and dwelling house, which, together with the adjoining building, occupied by Brown and Lefferts, carpenters, were entirely destroyed. A large quantity of lumber in the rear is either destroyed or much damaged.

We understand the fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

Several lengths of hose were cut at the fires of last night. It is a duty that the resigning firemen owe to themselves to ferret out those offenders and bring them to justice.—*Com. Adv.*

Presentation of an American Citizen at the Court of Great Britain.—We extract the following paragraph from the New York Evening Star:—"We perceive by the London Morning Chronicle, among the presentations at his Majesty's late levee, was Mr. Charles H. Delavan, of New York, by the American Minister. Talk of aristocracy and royalty after this; we deny it in toto; the British Court and British King are more orthodox and democratic than we are at Tammany. Here is our worthy fellow citizen, Mr. Delavan, the son of a patriot of the revolution, (the late Gen. Delavan,) who sells the best hardware in the city, keeps the very neatest assortment of balanced handled knives and forks, plated ware and coal scuttles, and is, withal, a fine looking fellow, walks into court with all the flower of nobility, foreign ambassadors and field marshals, and makes as good a figure as any one of the assemblage. After this, we are quite certain that his store at the corner of Broom street and Broadway will be thronged with the carriages of our nobility, gentry and fashion."

Chronology of Cotton.—Yarn first spun by machinery in England, 1730—Arkwright obtained a patent for spinning frame, 1761—Mule spinning invented, 1779—Watts steam engine, 1781—Power loom invented by Dr. Cartwright, 1785—Sea Island Cotton, first planted in United States, and upland cotton cultivated, 1789—Slater, an Englishman, (lately deceased) built the first cotton factory in the United States, at Pawtucket, 1790—Eli Whitney invents the cotton gin, 1793. The second cotton factory in the United States erected in New Hampshire, 1803—Power loom first introduced in the United States at Waltham, 1815—First factory erected in Lowell, 1822—Highest duties on cotton manufactures, 1829. The number of Cotton factories in the United States at the present time, we have not seen stated, but there are now in England 1154 cotton mills. Water power to the amount of 10,000 horses, and steam power to that of 30,000 are employed in them—two hundred and twenty thousand persons are directly and one million and a half are indirectly engaged in them.

[We think there is a slight error in the above, having heard that the Globe Mill, in Philadelphia, now in operation, was the first cotton mill in the United States.]

Great Robbery at Boston.—The Boston Atlas of Saturday, says,—A most daring robbery was committed yesterday afternoon in the bar-room of the Washington Coffee-House, Washington st. A leather bag containing three packages of bank bills to the amount of $16,000, was stolen by a man who walked into the room, reached over the counter where the bag was placed, and carried it off with as much *nonchalance* as if he were the lawful owner. The people in the room thought that this was the case, and suffered him to depart unmolested. The bills were on three different banks in the town of Taunton, $6,200 of the Cohannet Bank, $6,400 of the Bristol Co. Bank, and 3,500 of the Taunton Bank. A reward of $1000 is offered for the recovery of the money or detection of the thief.

New York, Oct. 14.

Disaster.—We are informed by Capt. Spinnage of the pilot boat Thos. H. Smith, that the schr. Boxer or Buckhail went down head foremost with all sail set, near the Buoy of the spit yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. It is supposed she started a butt. The captain and two men were drowned. The cook was saved by the revenue cutter Alert. The schooner had been at anchor for several days in the Horse Shoe. She had on board a cargo of marble and burr stone, from New York or an eastern port to Philadelphia.—*Courier.*

Real Estate in Buffalo.—Three years ago, a gentleman of that city sold a piece of ground for six dollars a foot, and made an hundred per cent. in the trade. Since then the purchaser has been offered one hundred and fifty dollars a foot for the same land, and refused it. It would bring that under the hammer even in the present hard times. A piece of land on the Terrace, sold two years ago for 1200 dollars. It was lately re-sold for 12,000 dollars. A short time since a lot on the flat was sold at a considerable advance on the spring prices; the cash payment down being 10,000 dollars. During the past six weeks we have heard of a good number of sales, and uniformly at an advance.

Robert Chent, a respectable farmer from Mentville, between 50 and 60 years of age, had a common sized brown thread needle, taken from his thigh, in this town, on Friday week last. Mr. Chent is totally unable to account for the manner in which it got there. He says he has felt something there for many years. The needle did not trouble him, and had it taken out merely to satisfy his own curiosity, which had been excited by reading something of a similar nature not long since in this paper. The needle was perfect, very smooth, but of a dark brown color. [illegible]

From the New York Sun.

Monstrous, Foul, and Diabolical Conduct.—We have received from a friend, travelling in the West, the following disgusting particulars of a series of the most unexampled and unnatural outrages that was ever attempted in a civilized community. In fact, we do not believe that a case of equal atrocity could be found among the most degraded wretches in existence, who bear resemblance to the human form. We cannot find words to express our abhorrence of the monster whose shocking crimes our correspondent has here recorded.

Steamboat Heole, Oct. 9, 1836, Ohio River.

Dear Sir:—I have just left the glorious, the chivalrous state of Kentucky, where an occurrence so remarkable has just happened, that I cannot forbear giving you the particulars. Great excitement prevails throughout the section of country which the young villain has marked with distress. The circumstances are these:—A youth about 17 or 18 years of age, called Harvey, remarkable for his personal beauty, and so effeminate in his appearance and manners, dressed himself in female apparel, and commenced a tour through the state as a music mistress. His hair is fair and long, and curls in remarkable beauty down to his neck. He had on a pair of pantaloons and shirt when I met the posse taking him before the magistrate. It is said he would go to the most wealthy and respectable family in a neighborhood, and there get employment as a music teacher, he being a first rate performer on the piano. After ingratiating himself into the favor of the family, generally, he would select the handsomest of the young ladies, if there were more than one, as his intimate, and manage to room with her. Passing several nights harmlessly, so as to lull suspicion completely, his infernal scheme was put into execution.

He would first administer some powerful soporific, and during the profound and death like slumber of his victim, accomplish his hellish purpose.—His engagements as a teacher were always short, so that he could escape quietly to a new scene, before any consequences would be likely to exhibit themselves, if at all. Fortunately only two young ladies have thus far been discovered to be irretrievably ruined, among all those whose virtue he has thus outraged. How many families have been thus villainously imposed upon, by this young monster, are as yet unknown; and it has been thought best to keep the names now known, as secret as possible, on account of the peace of his young and innocent victims. Two of them, however, are known to be enciente, and one of these only 15 years old—a beautiful creature, said to be—and the only child of one of the most respectable farmers in the State. What will become of the young reprobate is not yet ascertained, as the magistrate was compelled to put him in prison to protect him from the mob.

Report says that Harvey is not his real name, that papers have been found upon his person which induce the suspicion that he is from your city.—That he is of some respectable family, I have no doubt, from the care which has evidently been bestowed upon the ornamental part of his education.

Since I left the city, I have experienced in one short week, the heat of summer and the cold of winter, snow being on the ground. I witnessed a horrid spectacle at Wheeling viz: the struggles of a dying wretch on the scaffold.

Yours truly.

Murder.—The following contains a statement of the most horrid, deliberate murder which we have heard of in modern times. It may be relied on as authentic.—*Knoxville Reg.*

Tazewell, Tenn., Sept. 24, 1836.

Sir: A murder was committed in Claiborne county, near this place, on the road leading to Kentucky, last week, in self-defence, under the following circumstances:—William Hurst shot Thomas J. Berry, who expired in a short time after. The parties were brothers-in-law, had feelings had existed between them, the deceased had occupied the house were Hurst now lives, had removed to Crab Orchard, in Kentucky, with his family, returned a few days back to the neighborhood as stated, with a view to have satisfaction. On the day of the fatal deed, Berry (whose father lives in the neighborhood) borrowed a gun of one of his brothers, walked past Hurst's house several times, and stopped out of sight. Hurst's son discovered him, and hallooed to his father that Berry intended mischief. Berry then came in sight, and walked towards Hurst and his wife, both then standing in the road. On nearing, Berry levelled his rifle—Hurst got behind his wife, and used her as a shield, Berry still dodging to get an aim or sight to shoot Hurst. In the mean time, Hurst sent his son to borrow a rifle.

The Indian struggle lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, the contending parties being some three feet apart. Berry, finding he could not get a shot at Hurst, without probably hitting his wife, which he did not want to do, took the rifle in one hand, and drew his butcher knife with the other. In the act of doing so, Hurst's son handed his father a loaded rifle, who instantly shot Berry through the body mortally. Berry also fired, but missed, the ball grazing the side of Mrs. Hurst's head. The two rifles cracked within a second of each other, Hurst firing first. After being struck, Berry made an effort to reload, in a few minutes took off his shot-pouch, laid his rifle against the fence, and soon fell and expired. After falling, water was handed to him, he spoke a few words—that he had come to kill Hurst, but Hurst had killed him. Hurst asked his forgiveness, and Berry gave him his hand in token, and, in doing so, expired. Hurst gave himself up, was tried by a called court next day, and acquitted.

Berry has left a widow and small family in Kentucky.

I have thought proper to give this brief statement of the case to prevent false rumors, &c.

Respectfully yours.

The following are extracts from a letter received by the Editors of the Savannah Georgian, from their correspondents in Florida, dated

"St. John's River, (E. F.)
September, 18th, 1836."

"Sir:—Six hundred of the Tennessee Volunteers have reached Newnansville; the others are on their way. They are accompanied by Gov. Call, who writes that he will rid the country entirely of this daring, wily foe, or leave his bones and blood to mingle with those of the heroic Dade and gallant Izard, in fattening the soil of the Seminole."

"The command of all the regulars is given to the gallant Major Pierce, who has already given an earnest of what may be expected of him, when entrusted with the command.

All the regulars fit for duty are to march against the enemy, leaving the volunteers on the east side of the St. John's to protect their families and homes. The season of the year, the officers, the troops, all seem auspicious for the opening of the new campaign. The recent skirmishes of a fearless few have proved the enemy not invincible, if daring. To the movements of the Governor and the Tennessee volunteers all eyes are now turned. Alas! if that hope prove a broken reed. Yours, &c."

Disgraceful Riot.—We learn from a Boston paper, that a most disgraceful riot took place at Brighton, near the Cattle Fair Hotel, on Sunday afternoon last, in which some thirty or forty persons were at one time engaged. It appears that several young men, somewhat inebriated were disposed to insult an inoffensive soldier, belonging to the Arsenal at Watertown, and irritated him to such a degree that he struck two or three of them; upon which the whole gang, some twelve or fifteen in number rushed upon him and commenced beating him most unmercifully. Several spectators here interfered, and for a few minutes thirty or forty were dealing their blows in every direction, striking even their own friends. Afterwards the soldier was allowed to whip two of his adversaries, and then the mob gradually dispersed. The battle lasted about fifteen minutes, yet not a peace officer appeared to quell the riot.

From the East Indies.—A prominent subject of discussion and speculation at Calcutta was the approaching trial of a great law case, involving nearly a million of rupees, the principal parties to which are two brothers named Tyler, and their mother. The elder claims as heir to a half sister who died soon after his birth, (in 1804,) but it was not until 1829 that he became aware of his rights. The remarkable feature of the case is, that immediately after he commenced his suit, his mother, for the first time, alleged that her second son was also born before the death of the half sister, and was therefore entitled to an equal share with the elder, although the registry of his birth and all other evidence except the recent declaration of the mother show that he was born a year later than is now pretended. The mother is the defendant, she having possessed herself of the property as administratrix of her first husband, Wm. Mowcrop, who died in 1830, and never accounted for a farthing of it, either to her daughter by Mowcrop, or to the relatives of the latter. The most eminent counsel in Calcutta are employed, and several of the great "big wigs" of England have also touched handsome fees for opinions on the case.

Mexico.—The most important question (in a commercial point of view), which now occupies the attention of Mexico, is the proclamation of the President pro tem.

It was the opinion at Matamoras that the independence of Mexico would be acknowledged. A letter from Tampico states that Gen. Anastasio Bustamente, the ex-Vice President of Mexico, who had been exiled by Santa Anna, had arrived at Mexico, and [illegible]

Commerce.—New York possesses some local advantages over Philadelphia; yet until the construction of the Hudson and Erie Canal, the commerce of Philadelphia was greatest. To the measures of internal improvement the people of New York were originally warmly opposed, but her politicians were in advance of the age, and they risked the chances of personal popularity at the shrine of patriotism. Although they encountered opposition and were denounced for a time, yet the results convinced the people of the benefits; the cloud of unpopularity was dissipated, and the men who had the wisdom and the courage to do their duty, were rewarded with a gratitude which broke down party barriers, and held the patriots up to the admiration of the public.

To create commerce there must be internal resources. Newport, with unparalleled harbour and vicinity to the Ocean, cannot compete with Providence, because the latter had inland resources to sustain it.

New York had few internal resources, and a small extent of country to supply or to receive from. Her canal opened to her the region of the lakes, and the vast world, extensive and extending, watered by the Mississippi streams. It made her port the gate by which foreign goods passed to the mighty West, and through which the products of that country were wafted across the ocean. The mercantile enterprise of New York is much boasted of; it deserves all the praise it receives. It may be an object of envy—it ought to be an object of emulation.

Of the mercantile enterprise of Philadelphia we have little to boast. We hope the day is not far distant when this admission shall cease to be correct. We think the prospect before us promises richer results than those which were anticipated but a few years ago for our sister city. The seeds for mercantile enterprise are just sown—we cannot expect them to result in fruit at once. We venture an assertion—which, however visionary it may appear now, will in a few years have no gainsayer—the Philadelphia will crowd fast upon New York equal her in commerce perhaps excel her.

The grounds are these—Pennsylvania has established a system of internal improvement, which will give to her greater facilities with the West than New York possesses or can possess. In the very infancy of the canal system, prosperity has been surrounding us. Our coal trade has made the Schuylkill a living stream, it has converted commons into squares of buildings; it has caused land to be sold by the foot, where a few years ago it was offered by the acre. The supply of coal, with every exertion is not sufficient to meet the demand, and the demand itself is increasing in a ratio which astonishes every body. The coal commerce is now a considerable item; it is however nothing in comparison with what it will be.

The trade with the West is also in its incipient stage, yet young as it is, who that thinks can doubt that it is to equal the commerce of New York. The politicians of Pennsylvania deserve great credit for having sustained the system of internal improvement, in spite of the clamors of the timid, the doubting and the ignorant. These channels of trade will force enterprise upon us, but it would be well if our merchants would invite and hasten it. To do this, they must look a little beyond their counting rooms.—*Penn. Sentinel.*

On the 9th Sept. the Royal Vauxhall balloon was to take her first trip. If inflated with coal gas, it will be able to carry 9 or 10 persons; and 28 persons (besides ballast and apparatus) if inflated with pure hydrogen gas. The balloon is constructed by Mr. Green, who has made 239 ascents. It is 157 feet in circumference, and (when inflated, with car attached,) will stand 80 feet high. About 2000 yards of crimson and white silk are used in its formation, and every seam is covered with a new cement, so strong that Mr. Green thinks that the seam will be the strongest part! It will contain 70,000 cubic feet of gas; would take 5346 lbs. of atmospheric air to inflate it, and 364 lbs. of pure hydrogen gas—or, in all, an ascending power of [illegible] lbs. Allow 700 lbs. for the weight of silk and apparatus, and 362 lbs. of ballast, and the balloon can take up 28 persons, averaging 140 lbs.

It is intended by Mr. Green, that he will visit the various metropolitan cities of the continent of Europe with this new balloon; after that he means to take it to America, where, no doubt, it will excite some interest.—*Penn. Sen.*

A Century Ago.—The New York Gazette relates that when the Rev. Mr. Tuck, in the early part of the last century, was ordained minister of Star Island, one of a cluster called the Isles of Shoals, his parish allowance, beside the usual parsonage house, a quintal of fish, each family, but no money, as a salary. It is well known that the fish cured at these islands are called dun fish, and have the highest reputation for excellence wherever known. They are caught in the depth of winter, and so fit for market before the hot weather. They derive the name of dun from the color which they assume. There were at the period of which we speak, about fifty families in the cluster, giving him fifty quintals per year. The average price of dun fish is about ten dollars, and the worthy pastor always procured a ready sale for them, thereby realizing his five hundred dollars per annum. With this stipend he flourished, and brought up a family, whom he educated himself, and fitted one of his sons for entrance into Harvard College. The lad had never been away from the Shoals till he reached Long Wharf, on his way to Cambridge. He had never seen a horse, nor heard a church bell. On landing, he saw many horses attached to various vehicles, and speaking to his father, said, "Only see what queer cows they have in Boston; they are not shaped like ours, and are all without horns."—In passing by the Old South, in Cornhill, the big bell of that church struck up a peal, the effect of which nearly drove the young one mad.—*Boston Trans.*

Experiments in Aerostation.—The last London papers contain the following paragraph, on a subject which may be deemed important by certain of our readers.

"Mr. Green, has, on many occasions, witnessed the formation of hail, rain, and snow in the same voyage, and he has observed that whenever clouds at a great elevation precipitate their moisture to the earth, it is not in a state of rain, but always of snow. He has never experienced any rain or snow at an elevation above two miles, but always fine snow, resembling dry salt or pulverised loaf sugar, and no such thing as a flake of snow. But as he lowered, that these fine particles have attached themselves together, when drifted by the wind they form flakes of snow, as on examination of a flake of snow, it will be found to consist of these fine particles.—In descending still lower, the same flake by the action of the sun's rays through openings in the clouds, are partly dissolved and become hail stones, and by a further descent, on approaching a warmer part of the atmosphere, they form large drops of water. When Mr. G. has felt the fine snow on his balloon, he felt some alarm in consequence of the noise, and thought it was an escape of gas, but in descending, he observed the above process of nature, and by close attention he has had the opinion confirmed."

A Bridal Present to a Poet's Daughter.—Carelessly opening Chorley's "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans" our eye accidentally rested upon the following passage—"Imagine," says Mrs. Hemans in a letter to a friend, "a bridal present made by Mr. Wordsworth, to a young lady in whom he is much interested—a poet's daughter, too! You will be thinking of a brooch in the shape of a lyre, or a butterfly-shaded aigrette, or a forget-me-not ring or some such 'small gear'—nothing of the sort, but a good handsome, substantial, useful looking pair of scales, to hang up in her store-room! 'For you must be aware, my dear Mrs. Hemans,' said he to me very gravely, 'how necessary it is occasionally for every lady to weigh things herself.' '*Poverina me!*' I looked as grave as *I could*, and, happily for me, the poetic eyes are not very clear-sighted, so that I believe no suspicion derogatory to my notability of character, has yet flashed upon the mighty master's mind; indeed I told him that I looked upon scales as particularly graceful things, and had great thoughts of having my picture taken with a pair in my hand."

Falling in of the Shore of Lake Erie.—The bank of the Lake, according to the Cleveland Gazette, continues to fall off in large masses, so as to endanger private buildings. Much of the beautiful plain in the immediate vicinity of that town has been thus destroyed, and the loss has been great to the proprietors. If the encroachment is on the south-eastern portion of the Lake, there is probably according to the usual law observed in such changes, a corresponding gain in some other parts the shore, probably that on the north. The entire alluvial coast of this country is thus formed of comparatively recent date, by encroaching on the Atlantic Ocean, while on the Eastern, or European and African shores, the water generally gains on the land.

Major Barry.—We have received a letter from a friend just arrived at Liverpool, from which we make the following extract.

"Yesterday I went to the Cemetery, a most romantic and beautiful spot. The whole surface was studded with neat, and occasionally splendid tombs, in remembrance of some departed friend or other. We strolled to the spot where rests poor Major Barry. It brought many sad and melancholy reflections—of dear ties broken, friendships broken, and changes wrought in this fleeting world. There rested all that remained. Mr. Huskisson's splendid monument, and others of less gaudy appearance, though neat and handsome, were around, with inscriptions to warn the [illegible]

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

A new Hotel (the Merchants) erecting in Fourth st. Phila. is to be under the management of J. M. Sanderson: it is intended to accommodate 300 persons.

Important.—We are indebted to Mr. Kid of the Merchant's Exchange, for the following:

By a decree of the Mexican Government, all the Mexican ports have been declared free and open to Spanish vessels.

The number of post offices in the United States is 11,000; the amount of postage received is about $4,000,000 a year.

By the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, we learn that the public deposites amounted on the first of Oct. inst. to near FORTY-SEVEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

Naval.—U. S. ship Erie, Com. Renshaw, sailed from Buenos Ayres for Montevideo, Aug. 12th.

The U. S. brig Porpoise, sailed from Charleston 3d inst., on a cruise.

The new steamer Narraganset, made an experimental trip to Providence on Monday. She left New York in the morning and reached Newport in 14 hours, notwithstanding she encountered a heavy head wind and sea, and was short of wood.

The Delaware Watchman gives an account of a girl 19 years old, who beats the Chinchilla. She borrowed a horse and wagon of a neighbor, a pocket full of money from her intended, and then ran away with her sister's husband.

The Journal of Commerce says it is rumored that the President intends to rescind the order requiring specie payments for public lands.

Supposed Murder.—The Cleveland Advertiser says it is supposed that John Kile, a contractor on the cross cut, was murdered near Akron, on or about the 8th ult. He had just received about $1200 for which it is supposed he was murdered. He was from Cambria county, (Pa.) where he has a family.

Cholera.—The Charleston Board of Health report Sept. 27, 1 o'clock, P. M. 44 cases of Cholera for the previous 24 hours, 9 dead, besides two reported at the previous day. The disease seems to be on the increase.

Honor Among Thieves.—In Spain there may be truly enough said to be "honor among thieves," the Spanish robbers generally giving their victim a certificate of his having been plundered, which effectually protects him from any further molestation.

The Romans, we are told, built their temple of Virtue immediately before that sacred to Honor, to teach that it was necessary to be virtuous before being honored. St. Augustine observes, that though those temples were contiguous, there was no entering that of Honor, until after having passed through that of Virtue.

Generosity—A rigger employed at the navy yard, Boston, fell from a great height and was killed, a few days since. The other workmen, the sailors and officers, raised a subscription of $360 on the spot, for the widow and children.

Fire.—On Wednesday evening last, the Mills of Mr. Wilmer (formerly Barnet's) in the township of Rahway, were consumed by fire, together with their contents, which were very valuable. Loss not known, but said to be greatly exceeding the insurance, which is $3,000, on the Mechanic Insurance Company of Newark.—*N. J. Journal.*

The New York Express of last Saturday says:—"There has been a heavy fall of snow at the West. At Auburn on Wednesday, it was several inches deep. The Catskill mountains are completely covered with snow from their summit to their base."

Theatrical Row at Louisville.—The manager of the theatre at Louisville, (Ky.) recently advertised the first and only appearance of the celebrated horse Rodolph, who, however, did not appear, and the audience becoming infuriated, tore the house to pieces.

The Governor has appointed Thursday, the 1st day of December next, to be observed as a day of public Thanksgiving in Massachusetts.

Two females were severely injured on the 14th inst. by the explosion of spirit gas, while attempting to trim the lamp, to which it was burning. We wonder how many warnings will be required before the people will abandon the use of this dangerous fluid.

It is said the Grand Jury of Genesee county have found a bill against Benjamin Rathbun for forgery, as charged in the warrant on which he was recommitted to prison.

It appears, by accounts in the London papers that the slave trade is carried on with increased activity on the coast of Africa. At the latest accounts, there were about 50 Spanish slave-vessels to the southward, and about 30 to the northward, chiefly American built, engaged in the traffic.

A calculation has been made that there now are in the leading towns of France, no less than 54,500 English. Taking (as a moderate average) that each person spends 5s. a day for board and lodging, the English expenditure is £12,025, per day, or £4,608,125 per annum.

At Moscow on the 4th of August, the famous bell, the largest and handsomest in the world, was raised from the ground, where it had long lain. It was cast in 1773, by order of the Empress Anne, by Michael Motoren, a Russian metal founder. Its height is 21 feet, its diameter, 23 feet; its weight, 12,000 poods, (432,000 lbs. English weight.

The railroad from Brussels to Antwerp, which is 24 miles in length, has been open four months, and in that time has carried 430,000 passengers, at an average fare of a fraction over a franc.—The cost of the road was 4,500,000 francs.

The London Court of Directors of the National Bank of Ireland, have elected Mr. O'Connell governor of the Bank.

It is mentioned as a sign of uncommon prosperity in England, that one of the largest house proprietors in London, of 1400 houses in his possession, has not a single house unlet.

We learn from Utica, that on Thursday the grand jury of Oneida county brought into the Oyer and Terminer Court, bills of indictment against three of the commissioners to distribute the stock of the Oneida Bank, for *misdemeanor* in fraudulently distributing it to *themselves*. The three indicted are Mr. A. G. Dauby, postmaster at Utica, and editor of the Utica Observer, who is the elected president of the bank, William Osborn, jr. and John Kuger.

Counterfeit.—There is an emission of counterfeit $5 upon the Hartford Bank in circulation. They are dated January 1836, and are well executed.

The Lowell Patriot publishes a letter from Townsend, (Mass.) which states that the dwelling in that town, occupied by Colburn Green, his wife, six children, was burnt to ashes on the evening of the 3d instant; and the father and his two youngest children perished in the flames! the mother and four children providentially escaped.

An ecclesiastical council, convened at Westborough last week to examine the case of Rev. Mr. Phinney, pastor of the church in that place, pronounced him guilty of the charges presented against him, viz: seduction, adultery and falsehood—and removed him from the christian ministry. He attempted no defence, and was not present at the sittings of the council.—*Boston Trans.*

The highest chimney in the British kingdom is that at the chemical manufactory at Wigan, being 106 yards, or over 300 feet high.

The tolls collected on the New York state canals from the 15th to the 30th of September, amount to the sum of $136,156.16. The collections for the whole month of September, amount to $243,261 74. This sum exceeds the receipts for tolls in September, 1835, by the sum of $12,674 30.

Pears.—There were not less than seventy varieties of this delicious fruit *from one garden* (that of Mr. Manning of Salem) exhibited at the late fair of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, at Boston.

The silver mines of Mexico have, it is said, averaged $10,000,000 per annum for three hundred years.

Frosted Milk.—On asking our milkman the other day what occasioned the sky blue color and watery appearance of his beverage, he gravely replied he didn't know, unless it was the effect of the late heavy frosts upon the pasturing, which had *turned sour* all the grass.

A sensible writer on the subject of *duelling* has said, that this practice ought to be encouraged, on the ground that in most duels the world may get rid of *one fool*, and perhaps *two*!

Great Yield.—A field of 15 acres of land, belonging to Mr. Peter Ackerman, of Fishkill, Dutchess co. New York, produced last season, 555 bushels of wheat, being 37 bushels to the acre which brought $832 15.

Flour is again on the rise—lump butter is 33 cts. per lb—wool is eight dollars or more per cord—and every thing else in proportion. We should like to know what some folks think some folks are going to do for a living.—*Boston Times.*

Value of Freight on the Lakes.—The steamship Columbus, about a little over four days on her trip to Detroit, cleared $3,564.

Fair Exchange.—A large she bear and two cubs were trapped last week, on the farm of Mr. Berry, in Exeter in this State. Mr. B. has taken according to the People's Press, eight or nine this season, and has lost about as many sheep.—*Portland Argus, Oct. 16.*

Mr. John S. Dodge, of this town, has raised the present season, in a field on Independent st. (less than three quarters of an acre) three hundred and fifty bushels of prime potatoes.—*Newburyport Her.*

The proper element of man is constant activity. The waters of life are like those of the Bethesda pool—it is only when they are agitated that they are healthful.

More Rebellion.—The girls in the factories at Cabotville have followed the example of their pretty sisters at Lowell, and had a turn out and struck for higher wages. It was in consequence of a rise in the price of board.

It is intimated, in a northern paper, that the President will recommend, in his next message, the repeal of the Distribution Bill. We, says the Baltimore Chronicle, have not the least doubt that he will, having been for some time aware that one of his most confidential friends in this city had expressed the same opinion.

About a million of acres of land in North America have lately been sold at auction in London, at however very moderate prices—the best in Virginia only producing 5 shillings sterling an acre; 1000 acres on the Statilla river in Georgia sold for L.80. In the territory of Texas only one shilling an acre could be procured.

Twenty-eight banks in Boston have declared dividends for the last six months, amounting to $699,500, upon a capital stock of $19,400,000. The increase of capital stock since last April, is $1,250,000, and the increase of dividend is $136,500.

At a late muster in Canterbury, N. H. the Magistrates, in an attempt to put down venders of rum, were completely worsted and driven off the ground.

In nine cases out of ten, men owe their influence more to their habits and their conduct, than either to their talents or their acquirements.

A project is on foot at New Orleans to ask the United States for an appropriation of $300,000 to close up all the passes at the mouth of the Mississippi except one, in order to deepen the navigation.

The harbor of Salkirk on Lake Ontario at the mouth of Salmon river, is about to be improved. The contemplated Watertown and Utica railroad will pass near this place, which will be a nearer route by 20 miles to Lake Ontario, than by Oswego.

The N. Y. Transcript states that a number of the Refectory keepers in that city have advanced the price of meals at their tables to thirty seven and a half cents.

The Red River Gazette, published at Nachitoches, Louisiana, says a preacher and dancing master are very much wanted in that place. They are accustomed to queer yoke fellows at the south.

On the bloody grounds of Waterloo, scarcely yet dried of the gore with which they were drenched, have been erected a number of manufactories for beet root sugar of the beet called Mangel-Wurzel.

Mr. Asa G. Sanford, whom it was said a short time since, has been robbed of $4000, all he was worth, at New Haven, is supposed to have robbed himself. He was arrested and bound over for trial in the sum of $1000, but has since cut and run.

New Title for a Bishop.—The new Catholic Bishop, to be sent to Algiers from France, is to be called "Primate of Africa."

Travelling by Air Kites.—Mr. Pocock of Bristol, has a travelling carriage drawn by Kites which goes at the rate of 25 miles an hour!!

The Legislature in the State of Tennessee assembled at Nashville, on Monday, the 3d inst. at an extra session, called by the Governor, to consider the expediency of passing a law to authorise the functionaries of the State to receive their dividend of the surplus revenue, (over five millions of dollars, which will be in the Treasury on the 15th January next.

Five dollar counterfeit notes on the Ontario Branch Bank at Utica, are in circulation.

It is not the Texian schr. Terrible that has been seized, say one of the New Orleans papers of the 22d, but a vessel of the same name, on certain suspicions which were not known.

Stephen D. Pardee has been appointed Cashier of the City bank of New Haven, in place of Nathaniel A. Bacon, resigned.

S. Barnes, Esq. has retired from the editorship of the Baltimore Chronicle, and the entire ownership devolved on Neilson Poe, Esq. who has been for some time the Junior Editor.

The labourers were employed last week cleaning the rails of the Dansville and Pottsville Rail Road of snow to enable the coal cars to pass.

St. John's College at Annapolis (Md.) is in an unusually flourishing condition, and numbers 110 pupils.

The Ex-Queen of Naples, widow of King Murat, (Pauline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon) arrived at Toulon on the 10th of September—being the first of that family who has been permitted to enter France for many years.

Joseph W. Patterson has been re-elected President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co.

The Agricultural show and Fair of Fredericksburg, Va. takes place on the 10th and 12th of Nov.

There are seven establishments in the United States for educating the Deaf and Dumb.

The St. Louis Bulletin estimates that the city loses one million of dollars per year for the want of proper accommodation for strangers.

An absent minded fellow went into a neighbor's house to kiss the child, but began to kiss its mother. He did not discover his mistake until the young woman's husband entered the house.

Anson Storer, son of Mr. Storer of Glenn's Falls, was accidentally shot on Monday of last week. The deceased was in the 12th year of his age, and was residing at Ft. Edward at the time of the accident.

Banks in Bangor.—The following dividends have just been declared by the Bangor Banks; Mercantile, 4 per cent; Eastern, 4 do; Kenduskeag, 3 do; Bangor, 5 do; People's, 3 do; Penobscot, 4 do; Commercial, 4 do; Lafayette, since July 12, 1½ do.

One of Richard P. Robinson's associates, named Henry G. Jones, was committed at Boston on Monday afternoon, for plundering Mr. Knight, his employer, of goods and cash to the amount of one hundred dollars.

Fires in Germany.—Hamburg, Sept. 2.—Different accounts state that on the 23d August, 27 buildings were destroyed by fire at Reppner, in the Duchy of Brunswick, and that on the 28th, in the town of Blankenburg, 64 houses, with a church, &c. The loss in Blankenburg is estimated at between 350,000 and 400,000 dollars.

Constantinople, Aug. 10.—The town of the Dardanelles, which has been almost totally burnt, contained a population of 20,000 souls; it is unknown whether the fire originated in evil design or not. The last batteries have fallen a prey to the flames.—*German Courier.*

A Patriarch.—Mr. Daniel Cole died at Adolphustown, U. C. on the 5th inst. at the age of one hundred and five years and one month. He was a native of Long Island, and one of the first settlers of the township where he died. He has left 268 lineal descendants.

Mr. Hamblin has commenced the building of his new theatre. It is to be far more spacious than formerly, and will accommodate a greater number of persons. It may very possibly be completed by new year. Mr. Hamblin will shortly visit Europe to secure the services of many eminent performers, and to bring out numerous novelties, determined to commence the campaign with spirit, and by untiring activity and perseverance, endeavor to re-make his fortune, which by one sad calamity was almost instantly swept away.

The Massachusetts Silk Company, incorporated only about a year ago, with a capital of $150,000, have already 78,000 mulberry trees in a flourishing condition. If this is the way our Yankee brethren are going into the silk trade, farewell to the Lyons and other French Importers!

A Failure.—Robert Furlong, Jr. the person who proved an alibi on the part of Richard P. Robinson, on the trial of the latter, for the murder of Helen Jewett,—and who was chiefly instrumental in saving that hardened culprit from the gallows—has become a bankrupt, and his property was sold at public auction, by order of the Sheriff.—*N. Y. Trans.*

The steam boat Convoy which left Mobile about the 1st inst. with supplies for the army in Florida, sprung a leak about 7 miles from Apalachicola, on her way to Tampa Bay, parted in the middle, and sunk. The passengers and crew were saved.

Quebec, Oct. 10.—Attacks of a most outrageous nature are still made on persons passing through St. John's gate after night fall. A gentleman of this city, on going to his home was stopped by a man armed with a knife, who demanded money. In the scuffle which ensued the person attacked had one of his hands badly cut, but contrived to make his escape from the ruffian.

General Gaines.—It is reported from Washington that General Gaines has been recalled and is to be succeeded in his present command by one Arbuckle. Also that the troops now stationed at Nacogdoches are to retrace their steps, and take post somewhere within our own territory. Also that all officers not with their regiments, will be ordered forthwith to Florida.

The habits of life acquired by the ex-King of Spain (Joseph Bonaparte) during his long residence in America, unfitted him for the late hours of our fashionable circles in London. A proof was given of this when he was invited by the late Countess of Glengall to meet a party at her house. The company assembled at half past 10 o'clock, and found that, half an hour before that period, his ex-Majesty had retired, [illegible]

An individual of the city of New York has given to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church $5,000, for the support of Domestic Missions, at the South and the North West, wishing his name not to be published.

Saratoga is full to overflowing. Tight sleeves have completely superseded the generous bishop, among the ladies of the supreme bon ton.—*Balt. American.*

The Boston Herald says:—"We learn that a dandy was taken up under the dog law, yesterday, and the officer insisted that he was a puppy."

Edward D. Bennet, Esq. Secretary of the London Zoological Society, died recently in that city. He was only about 36 years of age, but he was nevertheless, one of the most learned men of the age. Wm. Yarnell, Esq. has been temporarily appointed Secretary in his place.

Among the "fashionable arrivals" in London, we notice the names of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Brooks, of New York at the Cavendish Hotel, from a tour.

The arrival in London of Baron Krudener, Russian Minister, resident at Washington, from from New York, is also announced.

New Printing Press.—A very ingenious model of a printing press is now being exhibited at No. 6 Ann St. It was invented by Dr. Grenville, of Cambridgeport, Mass. and is capable of striking off 1200 or 1500 impressions per hour. The power is obtained by a treple cam, and the impression is given with a platen. It is entirely different from any press or machine ever before suggested or offered to the public.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Snow.—Newspapers now before us give accounts of the falling of Snow at Buffalo, Rochester and Utica, on Tuesday and Wednesday last. At Utica the thermometer stood at 60 degrees the day before. The Catskill mountains are covered with snow. The Richmond Va. Courier of Tuesday last states that forty degrees different temperature had been experienced there since Saturday.—Snow has also fallen at Portland, Maine.

We remember to have seen it stated two or three years since in the London papers, that one half the houses in Oxford street were without tenants, and that many other streets, equally well situated for retail business were in a similar condition. We now read that one of the largest proprietors of houses in London, and who is the owner of more than fourteen hundred houses, has not a single house unlet, an event which he had celebrated by giving a sumptuous dinner entertainment to all the persons belonging to his establishment.—*Emigrant.*

The Bank of England having refused discount the paper of several large houses connected with the American trade, an unusual sensation had been felt in the money market. The bank state that these measures arose from motives of precaution, lest the rapid exportation of gold to the United States, should derange the British money market. It was known that the drafts offered by the American houses for discount, were for the purpose of purchasing gold, for shipment to their New York Correspondents. The houses, however, easily obtained their discounts elsewhere, so that no material ill effect has ensued *Emigrant.*

Ackley, the individual who some time since was taken up, on the charge of having most foully and barbarously murdered his wife on the 15th of September, has had a true bill found against him by the grand jury in session. His trial will come on in December.

The Oxford.—This beautiful ship which left this port a few weeks since, on her first voyage, arrived at Liverpool on the 7th ult. making the passage in twenty days. This is very fast sailing, considering that letters were received from her when three days out, stating that she was perfectly becalmed.—*N. Y. Paper.*

The U. S. ship of war Vandalia, was cruising off St. Domingo, about 1st September, for piratical vessels.

Sudden Death.—On Tuesday morning last, a person standing in the market place in Second near Cedar street, selling produce, fell down and almost immediately expired. The deceased, we understand, was Mr. Solomon Lewis, from New Jersey.

Land Sales.—A New York paper says,—"The Arkansas Times says that the late land sales in Pontotoc, Mississippi, produced fifty per cent. LESS than that sold heretofore. On the day of sale, 25 per cent. *premium* was paid for *silver*."

The Mexican Envoy, Senor Goristiza, has been in our city for the last ten days. We understand he intends returning home, not, as is said, having been able to accomplish the object of his mission to Washington.

Sarah Eliza Wayne, a young female of pleasing exterior, recovered a verdict of 2000 dollars against Robert Bullock, for breach of promise of marriage. The parties are both residents of the town of New Scotland, in New York.

Texas.—Gen. Houston has been elected President of Texas. His competitor was Mr. Austin—a man of property, connected for many years with the country.

7,503 boats have left the Schuylkill coal region this season with 555,365 tons of coal.

Mail Stopped for Debt.—The Natchez Courier of the 24th Sept. states that the horses and carriages serving for the northern mail of that place, have been seized for the debts of the contractor, and that it is uncertain when it will be re-commenced.

Oak wood is selling in New York for nine dollars per cord!

From Florida.—The Floridian of the 24th ult. informs us the 2000 mounted Tennessee volunteers under Gen. Armstrong, have taken up their line of march to the seat of war, in fine spirits. Gen. Call declares he will drive the Seminoles from Florida, or share the fate of the lamented Dade. Gen. Jessup is to take command of a body of friendly Creeks who are on their way to the Seminole country. The latter are a doomed race.

From Arkansas.—From this new state we learn that on the 19th ult. Ambrose H. Sevier, and William S. Fulton, were elected Senators of the United States. The former, the well known Delegate to Congress from the late Territory, received the vote of every member of the Legislature present, the latter, the late Governor of the Territory, received every vote but four.

Robert Watkins has been elected Secretary of State for four years; and a law has passed the legislature directing the mode of electing Electors of President and Vice President in that state to be by general ticket.

A Steamboat blown up.—A Cincinnati paper of the 6th inst. says:—"We learn that the steamboat Nic. Biddle, on her way up from New Orleans, about five miles below Memphis, blew up, by which accident (for it is always an accident, although in England they send people to Botany Bay for such accidents,) five persons were instantly killed, fourteen or sixteen badly scalded, many of whom will not recover, and ten or twelve jumped overboard, all of whom were drowned but two.

The Louisville Advertiser of September 22d, states that the President reached Cincinnati on the 19th, and left on the same day, at 10 o'clock, for Washington, on board a steamboat bound for Wheeling. During his short stay in Cincinnati, he was saluted by the Cincinnati Greys, who promptly turned out under their commander, Capt. Bowman.

A Young Ruffian.—On Saturday evening last, between 7 and 8 o'clock, as two young girls, one aged 7 and the other 10, were returning home from the store of Mr. John Balch in Old Cambridge, on the Brighton road, they were beset by a young man, apparently 16 or 17 years of age. As they were importuning him to let them pass, they were both knocked down, and their clothes torn. Before assistance arrived the villain fled.—*Boston Times.*

Michigan.—A Van Buren Convention in Michigan has made a nomination of Electors of President and Vice President, notwithstanding the rejection by the State Convention of the conditions in which the state is admitted to the Union. The votes of Michigan for the Presidency of course cannot be received, unless the condition of its admission be complied with.

The Calcutta Courier says that Mr. Tuder's ice and apple speculation (from Boston) has turned out better this year than it did the last. The apples especially were in great demand. The sales (including ice and apples) during 12 days, amounted to more than 5000 rupees. Mr. Tuder has succeeded in contriving an ice house, in which the loss by melting was only one-fifth of ton per diem.

The Imperial Library at Vienna, containing 300,000 volumes, acknowledges but three equals in Europe, that of the Vatican at Rome, and the Royal libraries at Paris and Munich. The greatest library in Great Britain, the boasted centre of literature and civilization, does not rank higher than the eighth or ninth of Europe. In the Imperial public library at Petersburgh, there are more than 6000 manuscript and hitherto unpublished documents for the history of France.—*N. Y. Adv.*

Algiers.—The French are improving the city of Algiers. They knock down the old houses, and widen the streets. New buildings are going up. The question as to the fate of the colony is now decided; it is to remain a French territory. On the 20th of June, several agents had arrived, sent by wealthy houses of Marseilles, for forming agricultural, commercial and industrial establishments.

We notice in an eastern paper, that a company of forty individuals lately left Plymouth, county of Penobscot, for the state of Illinois. They are all, with one or two exceptions, family relations, and thirty-one of the name of Harlow.—Twelve of them were members of the Baptist [illegible]

Candle Making.—An aged female, greatly disturbed by a new comer in her neighborhood. He was a tallow chandler, and the old lady made an excuse to call at his shop, where she found him engaged in the laudable occupation of dipping candles. As his tallow had run low, he had, according to ancient usage filled up the trough with water. The old lady made the discovery and reported the story about that Mr. L—— made his candles half water.

One of the French papers mentions what, if true, is very curious. A widow, not over young in years, but who thought she might well marry with another husband, went to the Mayor of Cherbourg to procure the necessary papers. She found from the certificates, that her intended husband was actually *her own son*. She had been naughty in her youth, before marriage, and the young man whom she was about taking as a second husband was the fruit of that transgression.

Havana.—Those who correspond with Havana, Cuba, should recollect that there is a town in N. York, called Havana, and we have reason to believe that many letters intended for Cuba are sent to Havana, in Tompkins county, N. Y. We saw the postmaster of the latter place the other day, and he informed us that letters have come to this office, for persons who were not known in that vicinity, and he was of opinion that they were intended for Cuba.

The English East India Company is about to undertake singly and at its own expense to establish a communication with the East. Two boats of enormous dimensions are nearly completed; each machine is of 200 horse power. Arrangements have been made relative to the most convenient stations for taking in fresh supplies of coal, and more than 300 tons have already been expedited for this purpose. At last, therefore, we shall have the long-talked of experiment carried into effect, the result of which is looked to with the most intense interest.

Value of Land in North America.—During the last month, nearly 1,000,000 acres of land have been submitted to public auction in London, but with little success to the speculators. What is termed good land in the state of Virginia, near to navigable rivers, produced, at the highest price, only 5s. per acre. Last week 1,000 acres on the banks of the [illegible] in the state of Georgia, sold in one lot for L80. In the territory of Texas, only 1s. the acre could be obtained. Great quantities in all the above named regions remain on hand.—*London Paper.*

William Richbirk, fireman to one of the locomotives, passing on the rail-road from Newark to Elizabethtown, was killed. The locomotive came in contact with an ox which was lying asleep on the rails, by which it, with the tender car, were thrown from the track. Richbirk immediately jumped from the engine, which, before he could get out of the way, fell upon him and crushed him to death. No other person was injured.—*N. Y. Star.*

The passengers on board the steamboat Lexington, during her trip from Providence to this city, presented to her captain, Isaac K. Dodge, a watch and breast-pin valued at $200, for his courage and exertions during the gale on Tuesday evening. When the tiller ropes were broken and the boat became unmanageable, Mr. Dodge allowed himself to be let down by a rope around his body, during the height of the gale, and succeeding in fastening the ropes, and rendered the situation of the boat once more safe. This was a noble act and deserving of the reward.—*N. Y. Star.*

The Legislature of the State of Tennessee assembled at Nashville, on Monday the 3d inst., at an extra session convoked by the Governor, for special objects. These are stated in his message to be, the passage of an act to ensure to Tennessee the part of the deposit money allotted to that state. He also suggests the propriety of an appropriation towards a survey of the Cincinnati and Charleston rail-road. He calls attention to the subject of the disputed boundary between Mississippi and Tennessee, and to the late treaty with the Cherokees.

Country Banks in England.—The number of Joint Stock Banks established in England and Wales in April and June last, was no less than *fifteen*, two of them having each about 750 partners; whereas the whole number established from 1826 to 1833, was only thirty four, and from 1833 to 1836 thirty-two. The circulation of the Joint Stock Banks, which in Sept. 1834, was £1,783,689, has since increased to £3,[illegible]. The circulation of private Banks, like their numbers, has rather diminished. Their number in 1833 was 598. The whole country bank circulation, including private and joint stock Banks, amounted in March last to £11,[illegible].—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

Shocking Accident.—Caution [illegible] Warwick, Rhode Island, on the [illegible], Jeremiah, aged 9 and Joseph, aged 7, sons of [illegible] James L. Phillips, left home in good health at 11 o'clock, and went to a place where some hands were blowing rocks on the rail-road; there they filled their pockets with powder, and on their way home through the woods, they commenced flashing small quantities of the powder, till finally the whole they had with them exploded at once, and they were so shockingly burnt as to cause the death of both. Their bodies were found about 3 o'clock, P. M. and conveyed to their distressed parents.

The thieves of London have as many symbolic modes of communication, as the eastern damsels with their loves. When one of the fraternity is condemned, and wishes to let his companions know that he has "died game," or not made any confessions that might implicate an accomplice, he pulls from his pocket a red handkerchief, which he carries in his hand as a sign that they need fear nothing from his disclosures. In Devonshire, England, a murderer named Oliver, was executed for the killing of a Mr. May. The last thing he did on ascending the scaffold, was to draw forth a red handkerchief, which he held in his hand until the fatal moment arrived. This seemed to give great satisfaction to some suspicious *females* who attended his execution.

THE KING'S SPEECH.

In our country edition of last week we gave so correct an abstract of his Majesty's Speech on prorouging Parliament, that we think the insertion of the verbatim copy, which appeared in a subsequent edition would afford no additional satisfaction to our readers. The following copy of a speech spoken we know not where, nor by whom, or, the same day, which has been transmitted to us, may, however, excite a smile:—

"My Nobs and Commoners—The state of public business enables me to say you may 'cut your sticks,' and, in terminating your labours, I must say you have behaved throughout in a damned disorderly manner. I admit you are 'free and easy,' association, but blow me if you have not exceeded the license allowed in the worst of such assemblies.

"The assurances of a saintly disposition from all quarters induce me to fear we shall have to fight till we meet again, though I suspect the Birmingham coves will get up something in a 'friendly way' to keep the game alive. You know that it is a long 'Lane' that has no turning, and this must be expected.

"In Spain, you see, they are kicking up a precious row; but on that subject least said is soonest mended. It is all among themselves, and they must fight it out after their own fashion. I don't think you will part with any of your 'Spanish' to assist them.

"For gallantry sake I have lent a few old brother tars to assist the Queen of Spain, but I don't care much about the petticoats, and I am not inclined to *go further* lest I should fare worse.

"I am happy to tell you I have settled things shindy between the Yankees and Mounseers, and they are now as thick as thieves. I have no doubt they will be true to me as long as it suits their purposes; and if they are not, why we'll give them a broadside.

"The acts which you have passed, and I must say they are few and far between, are good in their way, and I hope they may satisfy the people; but there are many which you might have passed much better calculated to satisfy them. I did intend to have given you note a motion on this subject, but least said is soonest mended, and I leave you to those who may be so civil.

"Ireland, I hear, is tolerably quiet. I hope it may continue so; but I have my doubts. Dan is not one that will 'let well alone,' and I'm a Dutchman if I don't think there will be some broken skulls there before long.

"My Kids of the Commons—I thank you for the 'rowdy' which you have voted, and especially for the addition you have made to the blue jackets; but I think you might have given a little for poor old Jack Scroggins, who is hard up, and has no shot in his locker. As you have knocked off a few taxes, I suppose I must be content, and I am happy to hear our pals in all parts of the kingdom are getting on so well. I hope they will be good boys and take care of what they have got, for without this they cannot expect to preserve their prosperity.

"My Nobs and Commoners—I suppose you think I've spun my yarn long enough, and I assure you I think so too. I know you want to mizzle, and therefore I'll cut it short. You can be off to the hills and the dales, and, if you want good sport, and have any grouse and partridges to spare, you know I live at the sign of the 'Crown,' in St. James's street. My old woman is a reggler 'game un,' and will be thankful for favors. I would have advised you by my example to encourage those moral and religious habits and principles which are essential to the well-being of every community, but I know you will do as you like, and be only just as good as you can afford to be; so I will not throw pearls before swine, but at once say make yourselves scarce, and when we meet again, I hope to find you more inclined for business and less disposed to waste your time in idle chat."—[illegible]

[Philadel]phia Prices Current.

[Fri]day Morning, October 21.

[Corrected] for the Saturday Evening Post, from Bicknell's [Reporter,] Counterfeit Detecter, and Prices Current.

[illegible]

[Atk]inson's Saturday Evening Post.

[Ph]iladelphia.

[S]aturday, October 22, 1836.

CLUBBING.

[Wi]th a view to consult the convenience of those [who d]esire to subscribe to our several papers, but [are de]terred by the want of small notes in several States, we make the following offer:—

[illegible] copies of the Nat. Atlas, 1 year, for	$10 00
Book of Nature, 2 vols. 240 copper [plat]es with many thousand elegant en[gra]vings of animals, &c. together with [a c]opy of the National Atlas,	$10 00
[Cas]ket and National Atlas 1 year,	$5 00
[Saturd]ay Evening Post and Nat. Atlas 1 year,	$5 00

[Pro]vided in all cases the cash be remitted with [the or]der.

[Sub]scription price of the National Atlas, $2 a [year,] that is, when less than 4 copies are ordered at [once.]

[Pe]nnsylvania Subscriptions.

Mr. Wm. A. Pierce, our Travelling [Agent,] will shortly proceed on a collecting tour [throu]ghout Pennsylvania. It is hoped that all [our pa]trons, will give him a cordial welcome, set[tle their] subscriptions, and give him such facilities [in the] prosecution of his business, as may be in [their] power.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

[M]any of our Subscribers at Wilmington, Del. [are m]uch (too much) in arrears. It is a matter [of ast]onishment to us, that *patrons* who are re[ceivin]g, weekly, the produce of our arduous la[bours,] neglect the remuneration we are entitled [to.] A pittance due from each subscriber in ar[rears,] would prove a sum of great magnitude to [the p]rinter. We therefore cannot and will not [subm]it to the injustice that is practiced on us [by m]any of our *friends*. When a delinquent is [some] 1000 miles off, his responsibilities fre[quen]tly become those of honor—and they sit easy [on] conscience—but persons indebted in our [vic]inity, must not depend on the forbearance of [their] creditors, after 'patience ceases to be a [virtu]e.' If delinquents *whose accounts are long* [in ar]rears at Wilmington, do not liquidate them [spee]dily, the agent W. H. Naff, Esq. is instruct[ed to] compel payment.

We cannot yet give the election Returns of [Penn]sylvania and Ohio. The political papers [on b]oth sides claim "splendid victories" and each [par]ty trumpets the returns of each county in [whi]ch they triumph, without alluding to those in [whi]ch they have been defeated.

16 Members of Congress in Ohio are claimed [by] the Whigs and 8 Van Buren.

In the state Senate 6 Whigs,—6 Van Buren.

Delegates 21 Whigs 14 Van Buren—so far as [hea]rd from.

Sentences.—The Courts of New York punish [del]inquents with greater severity, it is believed, [th]an any other Courts in the United States.—[Per]haps it is necessary, as there are undoubted[ly] in that city, a greater congregation of rogues [th]an any other place in this hemisphere can [boa]st of.

Silas McMasters, Wm. Mulligan and James Tyson, convicted of robbing Mr. Noble, were [sev]erally sentenced last week to 12, 10 and 10½ [yea]rs in the State prison.

Henry Walters, for passing counterfeit mo[ney,] 5 years.

Eleven boys for larcenies, were sentenced to [the] State prison, for various terms, from 2 to 5 [yea]rs.

We regret that circumstances have occasion[ed] an omission of our usual theatrical notices [for] the present week. A communication on the [sub]ject of the recent performance of the trag[ed]y of Jane Shore has been handed to us, but [its] length must necessarily preclude its admis[sion] into our columns. The writer seems dis[pos]ed to view the performance of one of the [lea]ding actors, with no very gentle spirit of ex[ami]nation: but as we are not aware of the jus[tic]e of his criticism, we cannot answer for the [cor]rectness of his strictures.

The reorganized system of Police, which was [lai]d before the corporate authorities of the city [of] New York some few weeks since appears [to] have been quietly laid on the table without a [sin]gle comment. We are not aware of the ob[jec]tions which may have applied to Mr. Lowndes' [pla]n, but it is hardly possible that it did not con[tai]n some points which would have been an im[pro]vement on their present decidedly weak and [ine]fficient system. We do not wish to be under[sto]od as implying censure on the executive de[pa]rtment of the police for a fault clearly attribu[ta]ble to the criminal negligence of the superiors. [W]e are aware of the contrary—that the Police [of]ficers themselves have done all that could be [ex]pected for the preservation of good order [wi]thin the limits of their city. But individual [eff]orts without the advantage of our organized [sys]tem can avail but little, and at present our [ci]ty may lay claim to the privilege of being [the w]orst guarded of any metropolis in christen[dom.]

Steam Navigation.—At a recent large meet[in]g of the British Association at Bristol (Eng[la]nd), the subject of steam communication wit[h] distant ports, was introduced and partially dis[cu]ssed, together with several other topics con[ne]cted with science and the arts. Dr. Lardne[r] addressed the meeting, and entered into a ca[lc]ulation to show the impracticability of makin[g] the Atlantic voyage by steam. The New Yor[k] Commercial Advertiser says, "Captain Cob[b] will prove him to be in error, before long, or w[e] are much deceived in our expectation."

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Capt. R. B. Lee,	Major.
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...Prices Current.

...DAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21.

...d for the Saturday Evening Post, from Bicknell's ... Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

[illegible price list: Sugar-house molasses, N. York, do. Philada., do. Steam, Trinidad, Porto Rico, Eng. French Island, Hav. & Matanzas; MACKEREL; OIL, Linseed, Am. from store, do. Dutch, Whale, Sperm winter, do. summer; PLASTER PARIS, in Del'ware, in Schuylkill; SEEDS, Clover, Flaxseed, Timothy, Herds, Orchard grass; WHISKEY, Rye in bbls., do. in hhds., do. from wagons; WOOL, Prime Saxony fleece, Am. wash. full bl'd, do. ¾ blood, do. ½ blood, do. ¼ and com.; Am. unwash'd full bl'd, do. ¾ blood, do. ½ blood, do. ¼ and com.; Sup'r. pulled lambs; No. 1 do.; No. 2 do.; No. 3 do.; Spa. sheep, R.F.A.S.; do. lambs]

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2d Lieut. A. Herbert,	1st Lieutenant.	

The approaching political struggle for the highest office in our government, is one which must occasion feelings of the deepest excitement in the mind of every one who feels the importance of the principles involved in its termination. The more personal popularity of either candidate for the Executive Office, should be as nothing in the beam when weighed in comparison with the motives by which his political measures may be hereafter actuated. Probably the most important of those measures, which will claim the immediate attention of our next government will be the entire reorganization of the currency of the U. States—a further reduction of the tariff—an immediate enlargement and extension of the army on our frontiers—together with a much needed reform in our Post Office Department. All or nearly all, these questions, will depend in a great measure upon the choice of our next President. We deem it unnecessary, therefore to recommend to every one who exercises the right which constitutes him a freeman—the right of political suffrage—to reflect for a minute on the *known* principles of the candidates—whether they will tend to elevate the character of his country, as a free nation—or to debase it to the level of a foreign principality.

Wraxall's Memoirs of his Own Times.

The gentleman who borrowed this valuable work from the office of the Saturday Evening Post, some weeks since, is requested to return it immediately.

Bryant's Poems.—The Harpers have recently published a handsome edition of the poems of Mr. Bryant, in one volume. We do not know when we have been more struck with the vagueness of merely fugitive poetry than in looking over this volume. Here are 260 pages taken up with short, casual effusions upon isolated topics; if we may so phrase it; with no one poem of deep or abiding interest to arrest and fix the attention, in the midst of a mass of rhymes, the greater part of which, though undoubtedly far above mediocrity, yet lack the fervor, the wing; the "ample pinion" of the higher order of poetry. Mr. Bryant's muse is ever chaste, gentle and benign; but it is not "a muse of fire"; it has none of the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn", which Gray ascribes to the true bard. The lines to a "Water fowl", are indeed beautiful, and will always be admired; but they stand alone in the collection; manifesting a power and pathos which seem to have been exhausted in their production. There is a general languor pervading his poetry, as though he slumbered while he wrote; or giving you the idea of a valetudinarian who, in the words of Mason, "stoops to taste the wave, and dies." Few, very few, of his lines are quotable; an unerring criterion that may safely be applied to all written composition, but especially to poetry; for it is surprising in what oracular sentences the "fine phrensy" of the bard will unconsciously convey itself.

We could have wished, then, that Mr. Bryant had never written any thing but the lines to a "Waterfowl"; he would in that case have been remembered as the author of one of the most beautiful poems in the language; whereas, bleat up as it is with a mass of inferior matter, we close the volume with a feeling of disappointment unfavorable to the powers and reputation of the writer.

Midshipman Easy.—Another of the amphibii, for by no other name can we designate those brilliant creations of the fancy of Capt. Marryatt, which "sport their brief existence" through the limits of two elements. The present volume, is not deficient in any of those animated details of scenes by "flood and field," which acquired such unbounded popularity for its immediate predecessors. In other respects, it does not equal the previous novels; the characters are not delineated with equal strength, and the story fails in exciting that intense interest, which is vividly awakened by every paragraph of Japhet or the King's Own. These defects, however, are more than redeemed by the sparkling vein of satire, that runs through the volume, and which exposes in a most original manner, some of the prevalent absurdities of the present day. We regret that our limits will not allow of suitable extracts; but as the work is sold at a very moderate price, we recommend it to our readers for perusal.

"*Tales of the Wars of Montrose,*" *by James Hogg.*—These volumes are replete with all the interest which might be supposed to appertain to the legends of one of the most eventful periods in the history of Scotland. The principal characters are drawn with that strong fidelity to nature, which though devoid of the refinement of a more polished style, will never fail to render interesting the productions of the Ettrick Shepherd. Many of the eminent leaders, who at the period to which these tales refer, supported so ably the military character of the Scottish nation, are brought forward, and the *tout ensemble* of character delineated so well, that it is difficult for the reader to believe that he is not perusing an historical record of that time instead of a mere imaginative work of fiction. The plot, however of most of the stories is dry, and except for the sake of legendary associations—comparatively uninteresting: The best of the tales "Col. Peter Aston" has already been laid before the public under another title.

The Farmer's Daughter, &c. by the author of Tough Yarns.—The volumes bearing the above title, are a collection of tales and stories of the land and sea. We have had time only to examine those relating to the first named element, and are compelled to say that no great loss would have been sustained by the reader, if the work had been submerged in the depths of the latter. We can perceive nothing in them to have induced their republication on this side of the Atlantic. The tales are light, frivolous and uninteresting, and moreover several passages throughout the book bear the stamp of a very questionable morality. The present work only serves to furnish a subject of regret to the admirers of works of fiction, that an author possessing the talent displayed in the production of "Tough Yarns" should for the sake of gratifying a degraded state of popular feeling, have allowed his name to be appended to the production before us.

We have seen the following statement, as the probable result at the ensuing Presidential Election. We do not pretend to guess how the victory will terminate. 146 votes will be necessary to a choice, 291 being the whole number.—Michigan not being entitled to vote on account of her refusal to enter the Union.

The probability is that Van Buren will receive the electoral vote of—

Maine,	10	*Harrison:*	
New York,	42	Massachusetts,	14
Illinois,	5	Maryland,	10
Missouri,	4	Indiana,	9
New Hampshire,	7	Vermont,	7
Rhode Island,	4	Delaware,	3
Arkansas,	3	Kentucky,	15
		Ohio,	21
	75		79
Judge White:		*Doubtful States:*	
North Carolina,	15	Connecticut,	8
Georgia,	11	Pennsylvania,	30
Tennessee,	15	Virginia,	23
South Carolina,	11	New Jersey,	8
Mississippi,	4		
Alabama,	7		69
Louisiana,	5		
	68		

CITY DEMOCRATIC WHIG
State Convention Ticket.

John Sergeant,	Charles Chauncey,
James C. Biddle,	John M. Scott,
William M. Meredith,	Matthias W. Baldwin,
Hon. Jos. Hopkinson,	Joseph R. Chandler.
Thomas P. Cope,	

Publisher by order of the Conference.
CHARLES STOUT, Pres't.
JAMES W. WALLACE, } Sec'ries.
G. P. GLENTWORTH, }

Deep Snow.—In speaking of the late severe snow storm, the Albany papers inform us that in some places in the county of Tompkins it fell to the depth of two and a half feet; it was so deep between Schenectada and Utica that an extra steam engine was necessary to propel the cars.

The editor of the United States Gazette notices in terms of commendation, a young Painter, by the name of Comyges, as one possessing genius and talents, which only require a fostering care and liberal patronage, in order to render the young artist more generally and favourably known. It seems he is indebted for the proficiency he has already made in his profession—to little besides his own industry and perseverance, aided by a naturally fine genius. The eulogy of our cotemporary is always high praise indeed, and there are none more deserving a cheering word, than the young unpatronised and friendless sons of genius. It is by encouragement to such, that we must seek to give support to the arts, and to make them one day constitute, if not as they have in some countries, the glory of the nation, at least, make them contribute largely to its ornament and accomplishments. There is too much apathy and indifference on this subject. In republics that have heretofore existed, the Fine Arts were made to call forth, or rather to *constitute*, the enthusiasm of a whole people, and for centuries have successfully rivalled, in popular estimation, every other pursuit, except, perhaps, the business—the "pomp and circumstance of war."

Even the annual opening of the Academy of Fine Arts, in our city, at which an address is usually delivered, is generally, but indifferently attended. We recollect to have been present on one occasion, when there were no more than fifteen or twenty persons in all, to listen to the delivery of a really eloquent and able address, on the subject of the arts, and but one or two of these were Artists, while the fair sex had also but *one* representative present. It has often occurred to us, that the Artists owe it to themselves, as well as to the cause of the of arts, to act with a more united effort; to enlist the press in the cause; to establish in addition, for instance, a good periodical in our city, to be exclusively devoted to the arts; and by the frequent public exhibition of fine pictures; the delivery of popular addresses, lectures, &c.; rouse public opinion to the value and importance of the arts—and obtain for them a more liberal and generous patronage. The Academy we know has not been popular, and the "Artist Fund Society," was probably established with a view of promoting the results so much to be desired—viz. the more liberal patronage and support of the arts, and most heartily do we wish this Association success.

We were pleased the other day to learn that one of our most distinguished Architects, has in preparation a course of Lectures, and which he intends delivering during the course of the coming Winter, on the subject of Architecture.—We are sure from the genius, talents and acquirements of the author, that these Lectures will possess great interest; and his friends will anxiously await the time of their delivery. We should like to see Mr. Sully, or some other distinguished painter, enter upon the same course in reference to that delightful art; while another member of Mr. Sully's family, his son-in-law, Mr. Darley, might do the same by music.

We will not stop, now however, to point out the advantages that would unquestionably be derived, from this popular mode of instruction to the arts—"the Divine Arts."

We were reminded by the notice, to which we have alluded in the United States Gazette, of our introduction, on a recent occasion, to a young Painter, under the following circumstances, and which we take the more pleasure in relating, since it perhaps will describe, so far as politeness, kindness, and amiability is concerned, not only the individual, but the large majority of the profession to which he belongs; since our observation decidedly is, that the milk of human kindness is largely shared by the professors and amateurs of the Fine Arts.

Some two or three weeks since, while returning from a visit to Boston, we got into the stage at Worcester at a pretty early hour of a cool morning—(though not until after we had received the hospitalities of Governor Lincoln, who has a beautiful residence here—extended in the form of permitting us (strangers though we were) to select from his delightful garden, a splendid bouquet for the ladies of our party, the Governor assisting with his own hand to cull the flowers) when among other passengers in the crowded coach, we noticed a pale, interesting looking young man carefully wrapped up, and apparently having little to say, though evidently with an eye to windward whenever any striking beauty of nature was to be seen along the poor but not unromantic looking country through which we passed. While descending a mountain or long hill, one of the main braces of the coach gave way, and we were very near being capsised. All got out, and the coach was temporarily repaired, and the ladies, together with some two or three passengers, who had came directly through in the line were permitted to enter, and for the balance we were ordered by the man in authority—the driver, to get upon the top of a sort of tender or little coach we had in company. Now "situated as we were" as Power says, this was no very comfortable change, and an appeal as strong as looks could make testified probably so much; but it seemed to be unheeded by the already comfortably seated inmates of the coach, and half heaving a sigh, and half murmuring almost a curse touching worn out stages, etc. we began to move doggedly towards our aerial destination on the top of the little coach. We had not, however proceeded many steps, when the cheerful voice of the pale faced gentleman saluted us, calling upon us to return, and at the same time politely vacating his seat, and insisting on its acceptance, while he would go upon the top of the little coach. But we remonstrated that the situation was too exposed for him, considering the inclemency of the day, particularly since he seemed to be in delicate health—but he positively insisted, saying that though he looked a little pale or so, his health was very good, and added probably by way of rendering the obligation less onerous to us, that he had no objection to view the country from the position afforded by an outside seat. In short his politeness, we fear (for the day was a very raw and cold one) got the better of ours, and the exchange was made, and throughout the whole day and till a late hour of the night, did our pale faced student keep his position on the very roof of the tender. We offered to be sure more than once to exchange, and though this was politely but firmly declined, still it was not without many compunctious visitings, as the winds whistled cold and bleak over the hills, that we thought while comfortably enjoying a *tete a tete* inside, of the pale and delicate looking young stranger, who had volunteered so much for us. He no doubt was conscious of the favor he was conferring, and fully enjoyed the reward of a good action. We did not know either where to place him, and physiognomy, phrenology and what is better than both, observation, was all at defiance; and as when we arrived at Hartford he abruptly left us, and not knowing his name we feared we should remain altogether in ignorance of one to whom we had come under such obligations.

A friend, however called upon us next morning to take us about the town, and pointed out to us as an object of much attraction some pictures by young Hewson; and it was proposed we should at once visit the artist's rooms. We did so, and on entering saw to our surprise, with his pencil and pallet in his hand hard at work, our travelling companion of the day before, who was no other than young Hewson, the painter! There he was as pale and more pale than before, but his eye was still bright; and the pallor of his cheek was easily explained, when told he had actually painted *three hundred* pictures, most of them portraits, within three years. Those we saw, particularly the portraits of Bishop Brownell, Mr. Gaulladet, King of Georgia and others, bore ample testimony to the high estimation in which Mr. Hewson is held, ranking as he does among the very first young artists of New England.

In conclusion we can only say that we must still rest Mr. Hewson's debtor, unless by a visit to our city, he will afford us an opportunity of reciprocating in some sort, his kindness and civilities, and which we would gladly do even to an out side ride over our own Alleghanys in the month of January, *provided* always, that the same interesting passengers were not inside.

The message of the Governor of Arkansas to the legislature, on the occasion of that State being admitted into the union, has been received. An entire revision of the penal code—an increase of salary in the judicial department—with a recommendation to appeal to the Executive power of the U. States, for a supply of troops—are the chief points submitted to their attention. The reason for the appeal is, that the independent companies and volunteers throughout the State, are not sufficiently numerous, and too disorganised to maintain the frontier in a state even of comparative tranquility. Respecting the appropriations necessary for a system of public education, the message holds the following language.

"The creation of institutions of learning upon a scale as liberal as our means will justify, must, when carried into effect, give to our young State an early, respectable and proud stand among her sister Republics. Most of the States in our union have adopted measures and created funds for a general system of education within their respective borders, and from their experience we are taught that an earlier movement in the same benevolent course, would have much advanced the moral and intellectual standard of their citizens; and learning wisdom from the experience of our neighbors, we can, in the outset, take such steps as will, in the course of a few years, enable *all* our citizens to bestow on their children the benefits of education."

The document concludes with a recommendation of unity and harmony in their councils, and the necessity of an immediate action on the questions submitted to their attention.

Mayor.—On Tuesday, the Select and Common Councils met in convention, in the chamber of the latter, and unanimously re-elected John Swift Mayor of the city for the ensuing year.—Messrs. Warner and Elliott were appointed a committee to inform Col. Swift of his election, and introduce him into the chamber to be qualified.

Messrs. Fraley and Lewis were appointed a committee to invite the recorder of the city to administer to the Mayor elect the oaths of office.

The Recorder and Mayor elect were severally introduced, and when Mr. Meredith, the president of the convention, had announced to Mr. Swift the fact of his election; the Mayor elect expressed his hearty thanks for the renewed expression of confidence in his abilities, and pledged himself to show his gratitude by his devotion to the public interests submitted to his care.

The room was crowded with visitors to witness the vote which is *viva voce*, and the inauguration.

HORRIBLE MURDER!

TRENTON, N. C. Oct. 2d.

On Tuesday last, a young lady by the name of Susan Jane Andrews, of respectable family and connexions, residing a few miles from this place, came here on some business, which having adjusted, she set out on her return. But not arriving home on that nor the succeeding day, and learning where she was last seen, the family of the deceased began to apprehend that something had befallen her, & search was made, which resulted only in discovery of some of her clothing. When again renewed, she was discovered lying buried beneath the leaves and straw about one hundred and fifty yards from where part of her clothes had been found the preceding evening. A jury of inquest was forthwith held over the body. The skull was partially beaten in, most of her upper teeth broken out, and otherwise dreadfully mangled. Suspicion was immediately fixed on a negro man who was seen lurking along the road throughout the day and evening, and has now escaped. The jury rendered a verdict of murder, and from the strongest circumstantial evidence, to have been committed by said negro.

Hurricane.—The Oswego Palladium of the 28th ult. says, on Saturday last, a hurricane of whirlwind passed a section near the centre of the town of Volney, in this county, which did much damage to property, and caused the death of a young man named Sidney Wise, aged about 16 years. He was passing with a jug through a field over which the whirlwind passed, and was found senseless, after the storm, so severely bruised as to survive but a few hours. In its course, the whirlwind came in contact with the dwelling houses of Solomon Biscoe and Thomas Moore, both of which were unroofed, windows burst in, and bedding and other articles taken from them and carried a great distance. A new house, belonging to a Mr. Dewy, was blown down, and much other damage done by the tearing up and twisting off of fruit trees, &c.—*Cherry Valley Gaz.*

Fire.—Last evening at 10 o clock a fire broke out in the carpenter's shop of Mr. Black, corner of McDougal and Amity streets, in the rear.—The fire spread to the house of Mr. Dougherty, grocer, on the corner, and to another house belonging to Mr. Dougherty, on McDougal street, also to the carpenter's shop of Samuel Curry and the African Free School house on Amity street. All these were destroyed, though their contents were chiefly removed. The carpenter's shop and African Free School were owned by Mr. Black. Loss estimated at $4500—insurance 2000. Mr. Dougherty's loss 5000—insured 2400. The firemen did their duty with alacrity. It would be a good law which should make it penal for any man to appear on such an occasion with a fireman's cap, who is not a fireman.

Another.—About 12 o'clock, a fire broke out in a stable in Clinton street, near Delancy, occupied by Daniel Place, which soon communicated to the Cooperage, also occupied by Mr. Place, both of which were entirely destroyed with all their contents, together with two valuable horses. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Still Another.—About 4 o'clock this morning fire was discovered breaking out in several places of a long wooden shed in the rear of 129 William street, which was destroyed. The flames soon communicated to the three story brick building adjoining, also in the rear, and occupied by Mr. Robert Raite as a jewellery factory, the interior of the first and second stories of the building, together with the principal part of the contents, was destroyed. A good supply of water from the hydrants, and the great energy of the firemen, prevented any further damage.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Astonishing Discoveries.—At the late meeting of the British Association at Bristol, England, Mr. Cross, of Broomfield, Somerset, stated that he had so far improved the Voltaic power as to keep it in full force by water alone, for 12 months, without the aid of acids. He related some extraordinary experiments, which were the conversion of water procured from a chrystalized cave at Holway, into crystals of the same character as those of the cave, and he doubted not that ultimately diamonds and all other precious stones would be thus formed by the ingenuity of man. Professor Sedgwick said, he had discovered in Mr. Cross, a friend, who some years ago kindly conducted him over the Quantock Hills, on the way to Taunton. At that time he was engaged in carrying on the most gigantic experiments, attaching voltaic lines to the trees of the forest, and conducting through them streams of lightning as large as the mast of a seventy-four gun ship, and even turning them through his house with the dexterity of an able charioteer."

Professor Silliman, of Yale, once imagined he could make diamonds from carbon, inasmuch as they are pure carbon. But Mr. Cross, we think has struck upon the more probable path to reach this desideratum.—*N. Y. Evening Star.*

Horrible Murder.—On Friday last, Thomas C. Elaby, living at the Three Brothers, on the Apalachicola river, in this county, shot his own son William Elaby, with a musket charged with 24 buck shot, all of which were lodged in his body, and he died immediately. This is the second murder committed within three months by this fiend in human shape, and we hope the proper authorities will offer such a reward as will insure the capture of this wood demon.—Elaby, we are informed, before he came to this county, committed a murder in North Carolina, from whence he fled, the Gov. of that state having offered a reward of one thousand dollars for his apprehension, and the atrocities of which he has been guilty, have grown out of his continued fear that every person who approaches him is an officer of justice.

We subjoin a statement from persons present. Wm. Elaby the son had been down to Apalachicola with marketing, and employed a man by the name of Martin to assist in rowing back his boat—on landing and approaching the house the old man Elaby came out and hailed them, saying "d——n your eyes who comes there," levelling a gun at Martin, who jumped behind his son. William turned to his father and says, "father what do you mean to do, what has this man done,"—he replied "d——n your eyes I will let you know," and fired at his son who fell and expired immediately. Martin saved his life by flying to the canoe.

The unfortunate son was rolled in a sheet and put in a hole only a foot under ground, and while his bereaved wife and children were wailing over his grave, old Elaby cursed them and told them they had no cause to mourn as he would support them. We understand the brother of the deceased has been up and brought away the family.—*St. Joseph's Telegraph.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

The ship Orpheus, Capt. Bursley, from Liverpool arrived on Thursday morning. We have received by her files of London papers to the 15th, and Liverpool to the 16th ultimo.—They do not contain any political news from England of much import. Parliament not being in session, nor that country engaged in any hostilities with any other, the accounts from it, which interest us here, are necessarily chiefly confined to those of a commercial character. We rejoice that the Liverpool Cotton Market, which we are happy to find still wears that animated appearance so gratifying to our planters. The use of money continues increasing in value, and 5½ per cent is the current discount on business paper.

The French Cabinet is not yet entirely complete. Marshal Soult nominated to the War Department, not having yet notified his acceptance of it. Gabriel Delessert had been appointed Prefect of Police in the room of M. Gisquet.

In Spain all is anarchy and confusion.

According to the Suabian Mercury, the last accounts received at Vienna, from Italy and Trieste, represent the progress of the cholera as alarming.

In France every thing appears in an unsettled state.—Count Mole has not yet succeeded in the completion of a new ministry. It is positively asserted by all parties that marshal Soult has declined the war office, which the *Constitutionnel* confers upon marshal Moltier. The *Courier* affirms that general Sebastiani has refused to exchange his London embassy for a *portefeuille.* The *Journal de Commerce* confirms the report of the Madrid legation having been conferred on the duke de Coigny.

London, Sept. 10—The result of Louis Philip's new feats in Cabinet-making was announced officially in the Monteur of Wednesday.

Count Mole is to be President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. Persil Minister of Justice and Public Worship, and Keeper of the Seals.

Admiral de Rosamel Minister of Marine.

M. de Gasparin Minister of the Interior.

M. Guizot Minister of Public Instruction.

M. Duchatel Minister of Finance.

The office of Minister of War will be offered to Soult, and its duties in the meanwhile will be performed by Admiral de Rosamel. Duchatel is to act as Minister of Commerce until that appointment is filled up. Count Montalivet, whom the King would gladly have retained, but whom Guizot objected to, is appointed Intendant-General of the Civil List, in the room of Baron Fain, removed to the Chief Secretaryship of the King's Cabinet. Count d'Argout reassumes the post of Governor of the Bank of France; Baron Davillier, who was never more than a provisional holder of that office, being made Honorary Governor. Gisquet is to leave the Prefecture of the Police, but his successor is not named.

LATEST FROM MATAMORAS.

By a passenger in schooner Halcyon from Matamoras, whence she sailed on the 12th instant, we are informed that there were 4,000 Mexican troops in that place, who were daily paraded and drilled. Among them are some efficient corps, but by far the greater part of them were destitute of clothing and shoes, and had a very miserable appearance. General Urrea, their commander, had been ordered to the capital by the Government, on the alleged ground of misconduct, and an endeavor to excite the troops against the present, in favor of the Federal Government, of 1824. He still, however, keeps the command, on the ground that the Government is indebted to him for advances of money made to pay off the army, and he is well liked by the soldiery.

General Valencia, or Bravo, was expected to supersede Urrea, who would then repair to Mexico, and it was expected would disprove the accusations against him.

We are also informed that the merchants of Matamoras were apprehensive of a general pillage, if the troops should revolt.

About the last of October, or early in November, it was supposed, the Mexicans would march against Texas.

On the 16th September, the anniversary of Mexican Independence was celebrated with great pomp, and during the night transparencies hung out, bearing the inscription—

"Texas or death!"

FROM BUENOS AYRES.

South America.—The brig Gamboia, Captain French, from Buenos Ayres, has brought a file of *The British Packet,* published there, to the 13th August. We learn from these that a serious insurrection in the Republic of Uraguay had taken place, headed by the late President. A despatch from Colonel Manuel Britos to the Government at Montevideo, states that, on the 17th instant, General Fructuoso Rivera presented himself with 100 men, about two leagues from the town of San Fructuoso, and opened a correspondence with him, (Colonel Britos,) endeavoring to persuade him to join in the rebellion, which he indignantly refused, and attacked Rivera, who instantly fled, and was pursued until sunset, leaving behind him an officer and six soldiers, who were made prisoners, a number of saddled horses, &c. &c. On the 15th General Rivera passed the Sauce with only 40 men, some of them wounded; the rest had dispersed during the night. Colonel Britos says that he has under his command 300 well disposed men, and that he is on march towards Pasandu, to protect that town and pursue the anarchists.

Further accounts say that insurrectionary movements had broken out in other parts of the Republic, headed by partisans of Rivera. The *Gaceta Mercantil,* of Buenos Ayres, contains sundry official reports of successful attacks made on the Indians, who had harassed some of the frontier settlements.

From Brazil.—Rio Janeiro papers of the 14th August contain intelligence of the restoration of tranquility in the city and province of Para, and of the re-establishment of the authority of the imperial Government of Brazil.

On the 4th of August, the Princess Donna Janwaria having attained her fifteenth year, took before the Legislative Chambers the oath required by the Constitution, that she would maintain the Roman Catholic religion and the laws of the State.

Spain.—A letter from Pau says—"The three new battalions intended to go into Spain, being complete, have been inspected, and a fourth battalion is being formed as a reserve. The two batteries of field artillery and mountain guns to be added to these battalions have also been inspected. The arrival of Carlist officers and men at Pau, requesting to be admitted into this service, are a proof of the disunion of the party. Villareal, the chief of all that are assembled in the Basque provinces and in Navarre, is at open war with the Bishop of Leon, who represents the Castilian party, which is detested by the mountaineers. Amidst these conflicts, Don Carlos has become no longer a rallying standard, and such Spaniards as are competent to judge rightly of his position believe that he will re-embark if any vigorous measures are taken against him."

The *Diario* of Saragossa of the 29th ult. contains the following:—"The commandant general of the Meriadad of Tudela writes that in the afternoon of the 26th, between 5 and 6 o'clock, Don Basilio, after a forced march, passed the Rincon de Soto with only 1800 infantry and 100 cavalry. His recruits are dispersed, and a great number of his new soldiers were daily coming into the villages. Don Basilio plunders and burns at his leisure as he goes along; but he has been harrassed by the National Guards at Cervera, who have taken several prisoners from him. He has shot every deserter he has arrested. Irribarren, who is at Peralta, having received timely warning, kept himself ready to act. The National Guards of Filero and Soto have not been disturbed."

A Madrid letter of the 28th says that Count Almodovar, formerly Minister of War under Mendizabal, is coming to Paris as Ambassador in the room of General Alava. On the same day (28th) the heads of the principal houses in Madrid were invited to meet the Ministers of the Finances, for the purpose, it is believed, of proposing measures to remedy the penury of the Treasury.

Bayonne, Sept. 2.—An official report from Brigadier Don Castor Andechaga to the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Villareal, dated Sopuerta, Aug. 27, confirms in all its details the account of the perilous affair in which he was engaged on the 25th ult. at Carranza. The departure of the new Carlist expedition is announced as positive. This corps, under the orders of Brigadier Don Pablo Sanz, is composed of the 6th battalion of Navarre, the 2d provisional battalion of Castile, the Arragonese, the 4th and 5th of Alava, and a squadron of cavalry. It is said to have passed the Ebro towards Calahorra, taking, it is affirmed, the direction of Lower Arragon, with the view of entering the kingdom of Valentia. This division is accompanied by a royal commissioner charged with the administration. It appears that the view of Gen. Villareal in moving towards Arciniega, between Balmaceda and Orduna, is chiefly to assist the corps under Simon de la Torre in advancing in the direction of Potes in Asturia, and there accelerate the operations of Gomez. It is stated that Gen. Horcasitas has been appointed by Don Carlos to direct the proceedings before the court-martial by which Iturralde is to be tried for the affair of Aug. 18, between Cosina and Londosa.

Flowers.—The terrestial stars that bring down heaven to earth, and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven, the poetry of the Creator, written in beauty and fragrance. "He who does not love flowers," says Ludwig Tieg, a German writer, "has lost all fear and love of God." Another German author defines woman as something between a flower and an angel.

Barre Cattle Show.—The Cattle Show in this town on Monday, passed off with considerable eclat. The day was most splendid, and the occasion drew together a large concourse of citizens from this, and a goodly number from nearly all the adjacent towns. More people were present than ever have been on a similar occasion. The exhibition of Stock was not so numerous as in former years. There were however a hundred and ten yokes of oxen exhibited, which were in excellent order—one yoke of which weighed over 4000 pounds. Our farmers entertain the singular notion that it is highly advisable to keep their working-oxen in a good beef state throughout the season, lest by some untoward accident they may be unexpectedly compelled to cut them up and salt them down.—*Barre Gazette.*

Bold Opinions in Canada. The Constitutional, a Canadian paper, published at Toronto, thus freely express the opinion of its editor, Mackenzie, in favor of a separation from the mother country:

"Whether we are the party of the few or of the many, this great truth should be our rallying point. Upper and Lower Canada to be great and happy must be independent, and we should use every lawful means, by petition and address, to attain that noble end. We are an infant nation—allow us to be free—permit us to part in peace—and send the mean men who are placed over us, back to the humble station from whence they were unhappily brought to our shores to disgrace our country and theirs."

OFFICE BOARD OF HEALTH.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 22, 1 o'clock, P. M.

The Special Committee of the Board have to report for the last twenty-four hours, 10 cases of cholera—2 whites, 8 blacks and colored, 1 dead; the others under treatment. Of the cases reported yesterday, no deaths have been returned.

THOS. Y. SIMONS, M. D.
Chairman Special Committee.
A. G. HOWARD, M. D. Clerk.

SEPT. 23, 1 o'clock, P. M.

The special committee of the board have to report for the last 24 hours, 27 cases of cholera—5 whites, 22 blacks and colored, 9 dead; the others under treatment. Of the cases reported yesterday, 1 more death has been returned.

Melancholy Disaster and Loss of Lives.—The Exchange books of Tuesday evening last, contained the following piece of most painful intelligence.

Captain Norwood, of schr. Delta, at this port from Gloucester, Mass. reports that on Tuesday last, 3 o'clock, P. M. about 2½ miles above Cape May light, spoke with brig Charlotte, Capt. Lunt, from Philadelphia, bound to Boston—on the following morning saw her sunk, captain and all hands lost. Also, saw a schr. ashore near the Overfalls; could render no assistance in consequence of the heavy gale at the time; there were three men in the rigging—at 12 M. she had disappeared—no doubt all hands perished.—*U. S. Gaz.*

A Good profit. It appears by the report of the Vermont Mutual Insurance Company, which has been in operation six years and a half, that they have insured nearly $11,000,000 of property. Their losses during this time have been $39,000, and the cost of insuring the same amount of property in the ordinary companies at the usual rates would have amounted to $435,772, 17! From this deduct the actual losses, $39,000, and it shows that a Mutual Insurance Company, in six years and a half, has saved to the insured upwards of $396,000!

Destructive Fire at Halifax, (N. S.)—On the night of the 26th ult. Halifax (N. S.) was visited with the most destructive fire that has taken place in it for the last fifteen years. It originated in a brewery in Albemarle street, and was not arrested until it had totally consumed about fifteen dwellings in that and the street below.—*Boston Atlas.*

The following *fancy sketch* of Buffalo is from a late number of the Northampton Gazette, whose editor has just returned from a trip to the westward:—

"Buffalo has an air peculiarly foreign about it. On the docks you hear as many languages spoken as you would on the slips in N. York. The morning I left the city, I met, for successive miles, people going in with produce of various kinds to sell. There were Swiss women with immense baskets on their heads, and girls riding astride of market horses. Men of foreign accent were driving oxen, attached to the load by ropes about their horns. Women were seen working in the potatoe fields, and the most masculine spectacle I noticed, was one of the tender sex of German extraction, driving a load of wood to market! She was seated upon the top of the load, with her lower extremities dangling over its sides, with all the indifference imaginable. Then the constant succession of Indians, *especially young squaws,* in the streets of Buffalo, with uncovered heads, and high cheek bones, and broad, tawny countenances, with their blankets, like the Roman toga, wrapped gracefully about their person.'

Commonwealth vs. Catharine Dougherty.—The defendant in this case (which came on before the Mayor's Court on Monday,) is a highly respectable woman, the mother of seven children, and who has, as was proven by numerous highly creditable witnesses, sustained an unblemished reputation for more than 20 years. She keeps the Rising Sun tavern in Market st. above Thirteenth. The principal witness against her was a colored man named Wm. Henderson, whose testimony amounted to an assertion that he missed a $100 bill in Mrs. D's. house. The fact of the larceny having been committed was not indubitably proved, far less the commission of the crime by Mrs. Dougherty. The trial occupied nearly the whole day. The jury after retiring a few minutes, brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.—*Ledger.*

The McGrew, retaken in Arkansas and brought to this city, some time since, left our jail the other day for Washington county, under the care of the sheriff of Washington, and a guard of twelve mounted and well armed men, to take his trial before the court to be holden in that county. The sheriff of Mobile, with about a dozen members of the city troop accompanied the sheriff of Washington a part of the distance. McGrew was on horseback, a fine looking man, and splendidly dressed. He wore a black silk velvet coat, and fine dark cloth pantaloons, buttoned and laced with velvet at the sides, very tastefully. On his head was a drab beaver with a broad brim—in his mouth a cigar—and on his boots a pair of spurs.—*Mobile Chronicle Oct. 1.*

COMMUNICATION.

TO MR. WILLIAMS, Oculist, of London, now at 333 Market street, Philadelphia.

Dear Sir,—Having seen your advertisement in this morning's "United States Gazette," and presuming I am the individual referred to, I send you these few lines to use as you may see proper, first presuming that my name must not appear in public. I am conscientious on that subject, but it is left with A. M. at 206 North Second st. to whom any interested individual may apply. Having carried on business in this city for sixteen years, I must be generally known.—The facts of my case are these:—At a very early period of life, I had some mortar thrown in my eyes from which inflammation ensued, and I was nearly blind. For several years I was under the care of some very eminent physicians, without obtaining any permanent relief. About the year 1812 Providence directed your course to Chester, Eng., my parents placed me to be put under your care. It is with pleasure I now inform you, that by the application of your remedies, by your own hands, my sight was soon restored; all inflammation ceased and the sight has continued perfect to this day, and I am able to read the finest writing that can be produced.

Philadelphia, October 15, 1836. D.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Oct. 14, received from		James M. Ross, Esq	2 00
Wm. E. Morrison,	[illegible]	Oliver Hamlin, Esq	2 00
George Boggs,	20 00	M. Morris, Esq	2 00
Wm. Loten,	5 00	Daniel Vaught, Esq	10 00
Almond Fuller, Jr.	4 00	Lucius W. Lillingwell	5 00
C. R. Kelsey, nett,	75	William Gordon, Esq	5 00
H. Champlin,	10 00	J. A. Crain, Esq	4 00
Jonathan Dennis,	20 00	Edwin C. Brown,	5 00
October 15,		*October 18,*	
Lydia Apon,	2 00	Isaac R. Quarrion,	10 00
H. St. John, Esq	2 00	W. W. Pratt, Esq	4 00
James Wells, Esq	2 00	Edwin Atwater,	4 00
Wm. L. Mitchell, Esq	5 00	Wm. H. Naff,	40 00
C. C. Henderson, Esq	5 00	C. Armstrong, Esq	5 00
Alex. J. Bell,	40 00	Jas R. Hoyle, Esq	10 00
J. C. Clark,	2 00	S. A. Cunningham,	5 00
D. H. Furnish,	5 00	*October 19,*	
Lindsey F. Landry,	[illegible]	D. P. Pheps,	4 00
Guy H. Ball,	5 00	J. P. King, Esq	2 00
Joshua Russell, Esq	2 00	*October 20,*	
October 17,		W. D. Dickerson,	4 00
L. W. Edwards,	20 00	J. Bailey, Esq	2 00
A. N. Bourdon,	5 00	Thomas Adams,	2 00

SALES OF STOCKS

This week at the Stock and Exch. Board of Brokers.

Shares		Stock	Price	Par
1763	shares	United States Bank,	113½a117½	100
6	do.	Philadelphia Bank,	113	100
11	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	61	50
610	do.	Girard Bank,	57½a58	50
5	do.	Southwark Bank,	71½	50
1	do.	Man. & Mechanics Bank,	67	50
60	do.	Pittsburg Bank,	58	50
11	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	103	100
17	do.	Louisville Bank,	96½	100
259	do.	Kentucky Bank,	[illegible]	100
72	do.	Northern Bank, Kentucky,	43	50
10	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	98½	100
1850	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	62[illegible]	50
156	do.	Philadelphia Savings,	43[illegible]	25
3	do.	Del. Insurance Co.	49	40
100	do.	Mec & Tradesmen's Loan Co.	13	15
9	do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	157	50
5000	do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,	70[illegible]	100
59	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	125a134½	100
95	do.	Beaver Meadow,	58	50
610	do.	Norristown Rail Road,	54[illegible]	50
206	do.	New Castle Rail Road,	44	25

Theatre, Chesnut Street.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MRS. KEELY.

Saturday Evening, October 22,

Will be presented, a new pathetic, domestic drama of THE RANSOM; Or, A RETURN FROM SLAVERY.

PAULINA .... MRS. KEELY.
MONTESQUIE .... MR. WOOD.

After which, the comic entertainment of COMFORTABLE SERVICE.

SIMON, performed by him upwards of 40 nights, in London, with roars of laughter .... MR. KEELY.

To conclude with the new petit Opera of THE SWISS COTTAGE.

Lisette Gueretten .... MRS. KEELY.
Nata Tieck .... MR. KEELY.

American Walnut St. Theatre.

Messrs. Barnes and Cowell in 2 pieces.

Saturday Evening, October 22,

Will be acted PAUL PRY.

PAUL PRY .... MR. COWELL.
COL. HARDY .... MR. BARNES.

After which, THE TURNPIKE GATE.

CRACK, in act first .... MR. BARNES.
CRACK, in act second .... MR. COWELL.

In preparation, a new NAUTICAL DRAMA.

Wheelwrights Wanted.

FOUR Journeymen Wheelwrights, first-rate workmen and of sober habits, are wanted immediately—none but those of the above description need apply. Enquire at No. 467 north Front st. above Poplar Lane.
oct 22—3t* JOHN WOOD.

Wanted,

A BOY to stay in a store and run of errands, at No. 77 north 3d street. oct 22—1t*

Information Wanted.

JAMES DIVINE, a native of Ireland, who came to this country with his family last Spring, left his late residence and wife on Tuesday morning last. He is about 33 years of age, red face, sandy whiskers, tall, and of fair complexion. His distrest wife would be glad to learn where he is. Information left at Geo. White's, No. 400 N. 4th st. will be thankfully received. oct 22—3t*

Single Copies of the S. E. Post,

ARE LEFT FOR SALE, AT

McMakin's N. L. News Room, 213 N. Third st.
Snyder's Bookstore, Second, above Pine street.
Morgan's do. No. 17 South Third street,
Carlisle's do. 78 Race street.
John Wise's Boot and Shoe store, 444 Market street.
Mrs. McWilliam's Variety Store, 83 N. Fifth street.
P. & S. Vaneman, S. W. corner of 9th and Locust.

ALMANAC.

OCTOBER, 1836.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
22 SATURDAY.	6 38	5 22	12 [illegible]	
23 SUNDAY.	6 39	5 21	1 [illegible]	D. H. M.
24 MONDAY.	6 41	5 19	2 6	
25 TUESDAY.	6 42	5 18	2 42	Last 2 1 48
26 WEDNESDAY.	6 44	5 16	3 20	New 10 1 47
27 THURSDAY.	6 45	5 15	4 10	First 17 4 47
28 FRIDAY.	6 46	5 14	5 5	Full 24 10 33
29 SATURDAY.	6 47	5 13	5 38	

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday morning, in St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JAMES MILNE, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARIANNA M. MULLER, of Powertown.

On Tuesday evening, 11th inst. by the Rev. Bartholomew Wood, Mr. BENJAMIN CLARK, to Miss ANN McFEE, all of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, P. BROWN, to Miss ANNE T. daughter of John Strawbridge, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, 12th inst. by the Rev. Jas. Patterson, JAMES MOLAN, to Miss MARTHA ANN, daughter of Hugh S. Magee, all of this city.

On the 29th March last, by the Rev. M. Higgins, JOHN McCORMICK, to CATHARINE, daughter of Capt. Wm. Schellenger, all of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday morning, 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Boyd, S. C. HUSTON, to LAVINA, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Leib.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. GEO. RICKETS, to Miss ELIZABETH HENWOOD, both of Southwark.

On the 12th inst. by the same, Mr. FRANCIS P. DUBOSQ, to Miss ELIZABETH SCOTT, both of Southwark.

On Wednesday, 19th inst. by the Rev. E. S. James, Mr. SETH BROOKS, late of New Jersey, to Miss MARTHA ANN LEEDS, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 18th inst. by the Rev. Wm. H. De Lancy, D.D. the Rev. ROBERT LLOYD GOLDSBOROUGH, of Havre de Grace, Md. to FANNY, daughter of Mr. A. J. Miller, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 18th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Douglass, ROBERT BRIDGES FORTEN, of this city, to MARY WOOD, of Hertford, N. C.

At Chester, Pa. on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. THOMAS PORTER, of Kingsessing, to Miss SUSANNAH M'ILVAINE, of this city.

In Caroline county, Md. on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Humphreys, Mr. EDWARD E. PALMER, of Kent county, Del. to Miss JULIET HARDCASTLE, of the former place.

At New York, on Tuesday evening, 11th inst. by the Rev. Duncan Dunbar, Mr. C'HAS. S. BALDWIN, of New York, to Miss ALBINA, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Wood, Esq. of Philada.

On the 13th inst. at Friends' Meeting, Baltimore, BENJAMIN RUSH ROBERTS, to MARY L. daughter of John and Elira Needles, all of that place.

DEATHS.

Suddenly, on Thursday morning, 13th inst. aged 3 yea s, CHARLES CHRISTIAN, youngest son of Captain H. C. and Harriet Henry.

On Friday, 14th inst. after a severe and lingering illness, Mrs. ELIZABETH McMICHAEL, in the 48th year of her age.

On Saturday morning, 15th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. APPOLONIA GEBLER, widow of the late John Frederick Gebler, formerly merchant of this city, in the 56th year of her age.

On Wednesday evening, 12th inst. Mrs. SARAH F. RUSSELL, wife of Mr. Joseph S. Russell, and only daughter of T. B. Freeman, Esq.

On Thursday evening, 12th inst. Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of John Boyer.

On Thursday, 13th inst. at his residence, No. 137 Vine street, above 4th street, Mr. CONRAD KELLER, in the 85th year of his age.

On Thursday evening, after a severe and lingering illness, Mrs. MARY H. DOUGLASS, wife of Capt. George H. Douglass, and daughter of the late James Young, of this city, in the 25th year of her age.

Suddenly, on Wednesday morning, Mr. JAMES EVERETT, in the 23d year of his age.

On Saturday morning, 15th inst. after a lingering illness, in the 2[illegible] year of her age, Mrs. SARAH ELIZABETH, wife of John F. Mitchell, Esq. of New York, and daughter of the late Capt. Edmond Hunt, of this city.

On the 14th inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of Chas. W. and Matilda Bender, aged 5 years and 1 month.

On Friday morning, 14th inst. after a short and painful illness, Mrs. ELIZABETH HARTLEY, wife of David S. Sexton, of Vicksburg, Miss. in the 22d year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, at 5 o'clock, aged 1 year and 8 months, THEODORE RICHARD, son of John Babe.

On the 15th inst. at 5 o'clock, F. M. JEWELL, infant son of Clement A. and Isabella Wilson.

On Monday evening, MARY, infant daughter of the Rev. John A. Clark.

On Sunday evening, 16th instant, Mrs. ESTHER MESWENGER, widow of the late Jesse Meswenger, aged 55 years.

On the 17th inst. PETER DOUGLASS, Jr. in the [illegible] year of his age.

On Wednesday, 19th inst. FRANCIS R. GODEY, in the 3[illegible] year of his age.

On Tuesday morning, 18th inst. after a short illness MERCY CARLILE, wife of Abraham Carlile, aged 67.

On Tuesday morning, 18th inst. Mrs. ANN STEEVER, in the 61st year of her age.

On Wednesday morning, 19th inst. MARY, daughter of R. McDonald.

At his residence near Darby, on the 6th inst. SAMUEL BUNTING, a member of the Society of Friends, aged about 70 years, after a severe and painful illness, which he bore with Christian patience and resignation.

At Bordentown, N. J. 15th inst. HARRIET, wife of Capt. Edward R. McCall, of the U. S. Navy, aged 34 years. A loss to her neighborhood—an irreparable loss to family and friends.

On the 11th inst. at the seat of Gen. McArthur, near Chillicothe, Ohio, MARY, wife of Wm. Rianhard, Cashier of the Urbana Banking Company.

At Vera Cruz, on the 9th August, Capt. ELIJAH FLETCHER KELLY, in the [illegible] year of his age—he was a native of Salisbury, N. H. but for the last [illegible] years sailing out of this port.

In Wilmington, N. C. on the 3d inst. in the 26th year of his age, after an illness of nearly a week, with bilious fever, JAMES C. McCAULEY, Printer.

The deceased was deaf and dumb, and was a native of Huntingdon county, Pa. He was educated in the deaf and dumb Asylum, in Philadelphia.

In Elizabeth City, 12th inst. of the bilious fever, Mrs. ELIZABETH T. FEARING, formerly of Newport, Rhode Island.

At Fierro, Aug. 30, ship Jefferson, Swan. On the 16th, 6 days out, two men fell from the foreyard in a gale, viz: JOHN SCHLOSH, who was lost overboard; and THOMAS CRAIGE, of Philada. who fell on deck, and died five days after the accident.—Both the deceased were young men.

On the 6th March, 1836, at the Alamo of Bexar, Texas, WILLIAM IRVINE LEWIS, late of this city.

At Naples, Illinois, 27th ult. of congestive fever, Mr. ISAAC RYAN SMITH, formerly of Philada.

In Washington City, on Monday evening, at 5½ o'clock, JOSEPH LOVELL, M. D. Surgeon General of the U. S. Army.

There were 103 deaths in Philadelphia during the past week, 45 of which were adults, and 57 children. 18 people of color included in the amount.

Progress of Intellect.—A fellow who was considered "rather soft," speaking the other day of the many inventions and improvements, which have been made by the present generation, exultingly wound up with, "Well, for his part, he believed every generation grow'd wiser and wiser, for there's my father, he know'd more'n my grandfather, and I believe I know a leetle more'n my father did!" "My dear sir," said old Major P. in his blunt, emphatic manner, "what a d——d fool your *great grandfather* must have been!"

Beaver Silk Cultivating and MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

AN Instalment of Two Dollars on each Share of the Beaver Silk Culture and Manufacturing Company, is required to be paid on the 15th of October, inst. to Daniel W. Ash, Treasurer, at 116 Chesnut st. The Stockholders in Beaver County will pay their Instalments to the Directors in Beaver co. By order of the Board.
oct 15—tf SAM'L C. ATKINSON, Pres.

Farmers' Hay Market Association.

October 22, 1836.

THE annual meeting of Stockholders of this Association will be held at the Hay Market, in Sixth street above Brown, on Tuesday, November 1st, at 10 o'clock, A. M. when there will be eight Directors chosen to serve the ensuing year. By order of the Board.
oct 15—3t* HUGH WHITTON, Sec'y.

Two Apprentices Wanted

TO the Silver Plating business, from 14 to 16 years of age. Boys from the country would be preferred.—Inquire of JOSEPH HACKER, Arch street, near Third.
oct 15—3t*

Canal Steam Transportation Company.

AN annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Canal Steam Transportation Company, will be held on Thursday evening, October 27, at 7 o'clock, at the Pennsylvania Tavern, 3d above Market st. Punctual and general attendance is requested, as matters of importance will be laid before the meeting. By order.
JOHN P. SIMMS, Secr'y B.D.

N. B.—An election will be held for seven persons to serve as Directors for the ensuing year. oct 15—3t*

House Maid Wanted.

A White girl who can come well recommended, will hear of a good situation in a small family, on application at No. 61 Branch street or at this office.
oct 15—3t*

Large White Paper & Newspapers.

FOR sale, a quantity of Comic paper of the largest size, suitable for wrapping paper. Also a quantity of newspapers by the Ream, at the office, 26 Carter's Alley.
oct 15—tf

Three Dollars Reward.

WAS lost, on 11th October, supposed to have been dropped between the General Wayne Tavern, Lancaster road, and Philadelphia, a double cased silver watch, [illegible] steel chains, two brass keys, with steel pipe. The finder, on returning, or giving information so that the owner can get it again safe, shall receive the above reward with thanks. CHARLES KEARNEY,
oct 22—3t* Lower Merion, Montgomery co.

Next Week will be Published,

A NEW edition of TANNER'S Four Sheet Map of the United States, accompanied by an Index.

This edition has been very materially improved. Besides the New Counties, New Towns, &c. throughout the different States, the Internal Improvements in each, whether in operation or prospective, are distinguished; the new Territory of Wisconsin is defined, Michigan, Arkansas—in short, all the Southern and Western States have been remodelled from actual and accurate Surveys, and the entire Map may be said to exhibit the present political and physical position of the United States. To this edition has also been added a large portion of Texas, showing its connection with the neighboring States at the present interesting period of its affairs.

The Index is arranged on a new plan, and affords much facility in identifying any particular place.
oct 22—to dec 31

Proposals,

By Judah Dobson, Bookseller, No. 108 Chesnut street, Philada. for publishing by subscription,

The Whole Works of the late Reverend DR. JOHN WITHERSPOON, D.D. LL.D.

ONE of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, including several pieces not contained in former editions, and a memoir of his life and times, together with an accurate likeness, from a painting by Peale. Edited by Dr. Ashbel Green.

CONDITIONS.—1. The work will be published in 3 large octavo volumes, on fine paper, and with new type, and will be delivered to subscribers at the very low rate of $5 per copy, bound in cloth boards, payable on delivery.

2. Any individual becoming responsible for 5 copies, will be entitled to a copy of the work gratis.

3. The work will be put to press as soon as the subscribers are obtained, and will be delivered as soon after as practicable.

The Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green of Philadelphia is now employed in preparing the Life of Dr. Witherspoon, referred to in these proposals. He is engaged to act as the Editor of the publication, to superintend the press, and see that the numerous errors of the former edition are corrected. He will probably, also, supply a few additional pieces, and use his best endeavors that this edition of Dr. Witherspoon's works shall appear in a style worthy of their author and gratifying to subscribers.

Subscriptions are respectfully solicited. All communications addressed Judah Dobson, Chesnut street, Philadelphia, will meet immediate attention.

Gentlemen holding subscription papers, will confer a favor on the publisher by making returns as early as possible. oct 15—3t*

Medical Books.

GIBSON'S Surgery, Horner's Special Anatomy, Horner's Practical Anatomy, United States Dispensatory, Hare's Chemistry, Dewees's Practice, Dewees on Children, Cooper's Surgery, Dorsey's Surgery, Jones's Surgery, Dewees on Females, Gross's Classification, Turner's Chemistry, Dunglison's Medical Dictionary, Hooper's Medical Dictionary, Dunglison's Physiology, Broussais's Physiology, Richerand's Physiology, Carpenter's Materia Medica, Eberle's Practice, Thatcher's Practice, Eberle's Therapeutics, Haines's Catechism of Chemistry, Hooper's Medical Examinations, Bell's Anatomy, Hodgson on Arteries, Cooper on Dislocations, Lænnec on Chest, Gerhard on Chest, Dunglison's Therapeutics, Mackintosh's Practice, Good's Study of Medicine, Parrish on Hernia, Chase on Hernia, Larry on Wounds, Horner's Pathologic l Anatomy, Paris's Pharmacologia, Manual of General Anatomy, Wistar's Anatomy, Bell's Dissections, Harlan's Lectures on Materia Medica, Chapman's Medical Journal, Cooper's Surgical Dictionary, Eberle's Notes and Formulary, Eberle's Notes, Hall on Digestive Organs, Hennen's Military Surgery, Lænnec on Mediate, Mackenzie on the Eye, Orfila on Poisons, Rush on the Mind, Christison on Poisons, Stacey on Ear, Southwood Smith on Fevers, &c. &c. For sale at
J. G. AUNER'S Bookstore,
oct 15—3td No. 331 Market st. below 9th.

Wanted,

AN APPRENTICE to the Printing Business. Apply at No. 48 Market street, up stairs, where a good boy will have a chance of learning his business well.
oct 1—3t* J. VAN COURT.

A Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his patrons, his friends and the public generally, that he has just received a very superior and extensive assortment of superfine West of England and French CLOTHS, CASSIMERS and VESTINGS—embracing all the varieties of fashionable colors now worn in London and Paris. These goods are of his own importation, and are warranted, both by the manufacturer and subscriber, to be of the first quality. The advantage of importing his finest cloth, &c. enables him to make them up to order and sell them at 30 per cent less than the same goods can be bought for in any establishment that does business in the usual way—namely, by purchasing their goods from the merchants, who, of course, pays the importer a profit, and consequently the two heaviest profits on imported goods must be paid by the *buyer.* The result is obvious; the *tailor* to indemnify himself, saddles the consumer with his own profit in addition to the other two, and by these means the price of an *extra superb* coat is raised from $35.00 to $40.00. The subscriber *guarantees* to make up the same goods in the best manner and *warrant them to fit* for $25. He has also on hand a variety of fine and superfine cloths, which he will make to order, from $14 to $20, together with about 75 different patterns of corded, ribbed, striped and plain Mockable Cassimeres, for Pants. Also a beautiful variety of quilted English silks and satins, for Vests—also, one piece of Iron skin, do. of Herrington's Cloth for Bangups.

P.S.—Gentlemen from the Southern and Western states, will find it greatly to their advantage to give the subscriber a call, and if they wish to leave their measure to send for clothing, they will find their order filled at short notice in the best manner.
H. L. BROLASKY, Merchant Tailor,
No. 41 S. 8th st. 5 doors below Chesnut, east side.
sep 17 '36—1y

Baker's Intelligence Office.

Established in May, 1811.—the S. E. corner of Chesnut and entrance on Third street—up stairs.

PROCURES Houses and Farms, Boarders, Partners, Clerks, Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Farmers, Gardners, Coachmen, Waiters, Stage Drivers, Barkeepers, Grooms, Hostlers, Porters, Housekeepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber and Cook Maids, Men and Women Cooks, Travelling Men and Women, Dairy Maids, Bound Children, and Bought Servants.

For sale, the time of a colored girl, 16 years old, and 18 to serve. A Wet Nurse wants a situation.

Wanted, a child to wet nurse. sep 24—3t*

Strong Inducement.

THE NATIONAL ATLAS holds out a stronger inducement to patronage, perhaps, than any other periodical in America. The MAP EMBELLISHMENTS, are alone worth all the amount of subscription—while the letter press is of itself as cheap as any other publication; and in addition to this, we give a year of it, together with the BOOK OF NATURE, for Ten Dollars.

The Book of Nature is a splendid work, just completed, at the subscription price of $12—containing 240 very superior quarto copper plates, embracing many thousand finely engraved figures of Animals, Birds, Fishes, Shells, &c. &c. with a general review of Animated Nature.

Office No. 26 Carter's Alley, Phila. Published by
aug 27 SAMUEL C. ATKINSON.

Removal.

J. L. VAN HORN & SON, have removed their Stock, Suspender and fancy Store, from their former stand No. 8 south Fourth street, to No. 20 same street, where their friends and the public are respectfully invited to call and examine their new and fashionable assortment of goods. jy 16—6m

For Sale,

FARMS in Beaver County,—also a few unimproved tracts of land near Honesdale, Wayne county, Pa.
B. CHEW, Jr.
au 20—tf Office No. 80 Walnut st. Philada.

☞ Apprentices Wanted, ☜ To the Stock-Making Business.

SEVERAL young lads of unexceptionable moral character are wanted as apprentices to the STOCK-MAKING. They will be taken on liberal terms.

ALSO wanted, several good Stock-Makers, to whom constant employment will be given. Apply at No. 161 north Front street, a few doors above Race. sep 17—tf

White Mulberry.

THE Subscriber has collected, the present season, from a few very select trees the seed of the true Italian White Mulberry (morus alba) and has also on hand a large stock of the most esteemed kinds of esculent vegetable or garden seeds, with his usual supply of Clover, Timothy, and other Grass Seeds, &c. of the best selections.

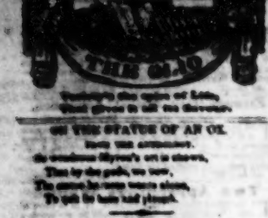
Country Merchants and others, will be furnished with such quantities as they may desire, and all orders, either for the interior or for exportation, will meet with prompt attention at the Seed Store of GEO. M. COATES,
[illegible] 49 Market st. below 2d.

To Western and Southern Merchants.

THE great prevalence of Diarrhœa, Bowel Complaint, and Cholera Morbus, in the South and West, particularly upon the shores of the Western waters, and the great vogue and rapid progress of those disorders, renders it an object of great importance, to be provided with a medicine which may be relied upon as an effectual and speedy remedy. BAKER'S SPECIFIC is offered to the public, as the INDISPENSABLE remedy. Having been used in upwards of TWENTY THOUSAND CASES, with almost invariable success, the proprietor confidently recommends it as the most certain, effectual and prompt remedy ever used for the above diseases.

It has never been known to fail to cure a Diarrhœa, if promptly administered, either in children or adults, in a very short time, and will be found particularly serviceable where medical aid is not readily obtained, and during the prevalence of the Malignant Cholera, which invariably [illegible] with a Diarrhœa. Individuals and families will find it advantageous to be supplied with a bottle in case of sudden attacks. Price 50 cents.

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, by the agents for the proprietor, R. E. WALLACE & Co. [illegible] Wm. Baker, No. 8 north 5th street, Philadelphia. Country merchants, desirous of introducing the article, will be supplied on most accommodating terms.



Sparkling this cup of Lethe,
Quaff glass to all the thirsty.

ON THE STATUS OF AN OX.

Here two commoners,
As usual on flippers, are in clover,
Thus by the gods, we vow,
The ass may be more than alone,
To quit to hale and plough.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

I think of thee, when o'er the deep
The sun buttoned in brightest ray;
On thee I often think and weep
When on its waves the moon-beams play.

I hear thee, when the billows rise
With gentle murmurs on mine ear;
When lowering clouds have veiled the skies
In frowns dark, thy step I hear.

I see thee, in the depth of night,
Form one dear lover can't be far;
I see thee in that pale light
Which beams from every trembling star.

REFLECTIONS THE SAME.

He who owns and runs away,
May live to pay another day;
But he who is in jail confined,
Can pay no debt of any kind.

SYNONYMS.

For an—unknown, may be none.
For drunkenness, drink cold water.
For man, small only the power.
To keep out of jail, keep out of debt.
To please every lady, mind your own business.

A Vignette in Bell's Life, in London, representing a half starved bowler of snuff, unscrewing a lot of tobacco from a screw, is accompanied with the subject matter, in which the subject is equally far off.

Here's a new lot of songs for a small sum of money.

A hundred and upwards! now just that 3 hung!
Bacchanalian, sentimental, pathetic and heavy,
And all for one penny!—unknown by chance!
"Hollow Gray," "Paddy Carey," "The Last Rose of Summer,"
"The Man of Dogs' Meat," "The Bould Soldier boy, Vi Vanish,"
And here's the "The Cork Leg"—and there can't be a rumour—
Vish you either one chance at a ballad or catch.

Buy a pocket a half of some causal verses,
By Burns, and Lord Byron, and Hobson, and Moore;
Come Moxon and Mason, then open your purses,
Such chances in your life you ne'er met with before.

Here's "God Save the King," and "The Exile of Erin,"
"Tom Bowling," "The Nightingale Club," and,
"Poor Jack!"
"Billy Brown," "Betty Gray," "While our Bark was a Roaring,"
"The Rose Lady I Gather of," "John Trot,"
"Paddy Vass."

In the whole of the lot there's not one vo's improper
But I warrant 'em all to be wonly admired;
Come, prove he sings!, let forth out a copper
And then you may sing till you're all on you tired.

Hush "Velocen on Home," and here's "Farewell Forever,"
Hush "Hush Little Bow-wow"—do make haste and buy 'em;
There we've was in point a collection so clever,
Here's "All Round my Hat," and here's "Turn you and Try 'em."

Here's "The Jessamy of Blue," and here's "Hush thy Sweetness,"
Here's "The Harp that is Prest to Young Cupid's Attacks!"
Here's Fogg's new Ballad—a rare composition—
In praise of the pleasures of nothing and mess.

Come, purchase away, 'tis no trash we I sell yo;
Try an I obliged for custom to best!
I may have it in and I'm sorry to tell yo,
You don't get no relish for money at all!

The following incomparable lines we preserve from an early number of the New Monthly Magazine, when under Campbell's superintendence. The editor produced himself quarter of their authorship, which he terminated had a transatlantic origin. Let American will dare to claim them! *Ed. Low. Adv.*

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Winged minstrel of the woods! thou merley fool,
Who shall thy jay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready tones at ridicule
Across thy hollows and wide pour and jibe.
Thy lay, a hundred, with pour and jibe
Thy mimic mingles—I'm sorry of the tribe,
Thou spurious mimic of nature's school,
To thee the pride of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch mockle and mad Abbot of Misrule.
Of much thou art by day—but night more long
Thou pouest a wild, sweet, pensive, a-tune strain,
As if thou duke in this, thy moonlight song,
Lulo to the melancholy Jaques, complain,
Or, sadder-and-wiser, to love and pleasure,
And sighing for the merley cost again.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity.—"Alas," cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the air away."

The tooth of Napoleon, which was lately sold among Dr. O'Meary's effects, was purchased by an ardent lover of the Virginia weed, and has since been converted into a tobacco-stopper.

The scyne of Archimedes, a mechanical contrivance for raising water, which was invented and used more than two thousand years ago, has been patented by a Kentuckian.

"Mr. Tuggs," said a wag, "how do you love your books?" "Oh, by double entry." "Double entry, how's that?" "Oh, easy enough, I make one entry and my partner makes another."

Yankee Wit.—A "notion seller was offering yankee clocks, finely varnished and gaudily colored, and with a leaking glass in front, to which was no room (suitable for personal charms. "Why, it is beautiful, says the vender. 'Beauty fail indeed! a book at it almost frightens me!' 'Then sinner,' replied Jonathan, 'guess you'd better buy one that lie at get no looking glass.'"

A celebrated preacher, well known as an eccentric character, stopped short in the pulpit, it was rum that he scratched his head, nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he walked quietly down the pulpit stairs, "My friends, I pity you, for you have lost a fine discourse."

Sons of Song.—The wife of Mr. Jabez H. Sang, of Louisiana, lately presented him with three infant sons, "no one cry-cent." Mr Sang is represented in the article mentioning this circumstance, as "an industrious husbandman."

Pilot Africus.—"John," said a little urchin to his brother, "you must come home." "What for?" "Daddy's dead." "Oh, is that all?"

A ragged customer stepped in a tavern early one morning, and exclaimed "Landlord! landlord! do give me some breakfast, for I've had nothing to eat since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day."

Large Plate of Glass.—There has been cast lately at the plate glass manufactory at St. Gobin, France, a plate of the extraordinary size of *fifteen feet by twelve*. It was made for the Chateau des Thuilleries. The discovery of the casting of plate glass is due to Abm. Thevart, in 1688, who established a factory as there, which is now the largest in the world. The British plate glass is said to be more liable to embolisms, owing, probably, to the mass not being cooled in a sufficient state of hardness during the progress of the operation of casting. Why is not the American spirit of enterprise directed to this species of manufactory, since it is so expensive and dangerous to import large specimens of this article, and since we have at hand all the materials of the best quality?

Bold Adventure.—The Yankee Farmer tells a good story of Mr. Elijah Corder-B. of Greenwood, who heard a noise among his sheep, and taking his gun, went out and discovered a large bear carrying off a lamb. He approached within some twenty feet, but before he could get a fair aim, the animal then, dropped his another and ran towards him. At this critical moment Mr. Corder found the barrel of his gun cut off! He hesitated and turned from the bear. The bear seized the lamb, ran through the field, in the corner, rolling over the lamb, "as fast as he could go." When the British fleet was passing up the Potomac, with hostile intent, during the late war, the commander directed that when he should arrive opposite Mount Vernon, he should be informed of the fact. When the ships came that the ship was passing the tomb of Washington, the officers assembled upon deck, and passed by uncovered and in silence."

THE MANUFACTURING ADVANTAGES OF AMERICA.—Since the publication of England, Ireland and Scotland, the author has had 40 opportunity of visiting the United States, and of seeing at leisure the genius of the American people and his counsel, experience of the country has our abroad him in the views he put forth in that pamphlet. Looking to the natural endowments of the North American continent—as superior to Europe on the latter is to Africa—with an almost continuous extent of river navigation—its boundless expanse of the most fertile soil in the world, and its inexhaustible mines of coal, iron, lead, &c. looking at these, and remembering the quality and position of a people universally instructed and perfectly free, and possessing, as a consequence of them, a new burst energy and vitality very far surpassing the character of any nation in the old world—the writer reiterates the moral of his former work, by declaring his conviction that it is from the west, rather than the east, that danger to the superiority of Great Britain is to be apprehended; that it is from the peaceful and silent rivalry of American commerce, the growth of its manufactures, its rapid progress in internal improvements, the superior education of its people and their economical and pacific government,—that it is from these, and not from the bayonets, gallery or the impoverishing armaments of Russia, that the grandeur of our commercial and national prosperity is endangered. And the writer stakes his reputation upon the prediction, that in less than twenty years this will be the sentiment of the people of England generally, and that the same conviction will be forced upon the government of the country. The writer has been surprised at the little knowledge that exists here with respect to the mineral resources of America. In nothing does that country surpass Europe so much as in its rich beds of coals. By a government survey of the state of Pennsylvania, it appears that it contains twenty thousand square miles of coal, with iron in proportion. This in one state only! whilst the whole of the Mississippi valley is more or less enriched with the invaluable combustible. Several of his neighbours have been astonished by the inspection of a specimen of bituminous coal which the writer procured from a pit at Bonnesville, on the Monongahela river, above Pittsburgh, and which is pronounced equal to the very best qualities produced from the mines in Yorkshire. The mode of working the pits is to drive an adit into the steepest banks of the navigable rivers, and at a few yards distance the coal stratum is usually found six feet in thickness; and, as the miner is always able to work in an upright posture, one man will frequently produce as much as 100 bushels a day.—The steamboat in which the author went from Brownsville to Pittsburg stopped at one of these pits, and taking in a supply of fuel, which was charged at the rate of about three farthings a bushel. These are facts which bear more directly upon the future destinies of this country than the marriages of crowned heads in Portugal, the movements of savage forces in Russia, and similar proceedings to which we are wont to pinch importance.—*Russia, by a Manchester Manufacturer.*

A new manufacture has been introduced by a M. Leonard of Pont Remy, in France, which promises to be of the greatest utility. This gentleman has brought to perfection a plan of working up the Phormium Tenax,—a plant that grows in the valleys of New Zealand, resembling the corn flag and the aloes,—into a fabric equal to surpass linen in pliancy, substance, and lightness. Many manufacturers have endeavoured to make use of the plant, the beauty of which, when wrought into cloth by the Indians, had attracted the notice of the most distinguished Dorellieu, but in vain, owing to their not being able to divest of a resinous gum which forms a portion of its consistence. M. Leonard has established a factory at Pont Remy, in which one thousand workmen are said to be employed, with prospect of the number being increased to three thousand by the great demand for the cloth made in and to be particularly suited for sails, and the covering of carriages, as it may be placed under water for any length of time without injury. It is supposed that its use will, in the course of time, supersede that of cotton in France. The culture of the plant has been introduced by Marshal Clausel at Algiers.

MARTIN LUTHER.—This extraordinary man has left a beautiful thought upon the married state. We will confer a favor on our readers by transcribing it for our columns. "It is not as impossible, he said, "to dispense with female society, as it is to live without eating and drinking. The image of marriage is found in all creatures; not only in the animals of the earth, the air, and the water, but also in trees and stones. Every one knows that the pear trees, such as the apple and the pear tree, which are like husband and wife, and which prosper better when planted together. Among stones, the same thing may be remarked, especially in precious stones—the coral, the pearl, and the others. *The heaven is husband to the earth.* He visites her by the heat of the sun, by the rain and the wind, and causes her to bear all sorts of plants and fruits."

Locusts in Syria.—The editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser have received Smyrna papers to July 30, from which they copy the following account of the remarkable destruction of locusts, by order of Ibrahim Pacha, in Syria. The early coming of the summer there appeared such a prodigious flight of locusts, that they threatened all the crops with certain destruction. Ibrahim Pacha immediately adopted a measure for the preservation of the country from the disaster which threatened it. All the population of Aleppo was put in requisition, and divided into sections, forced to go out of the city to hunt the locusts. The same thing was done in some other districts as aided by the insects. Ibrahim Pacha at the head of his troops, scouring the country, compelled every body to go to work, great and small, officers and soldiers.

After forty days of an uninterrupted hunt, he succeeded in delivering the country from this devastating scourge, and saving the crops. It is curious to be informed, to have said, the locusts. There is a statement which was drawing by Ibrahim Pacha, who caused the quantities of insects destroyed to be measured before his eyes.

The following is the statement.

Locusts destroyed by the Egyptian troops in the space of 40 days, 415,[illegible] ardebs.

Do. Marash.	2,213 "
Do. by the population.	9,000 "
	427,100 ardebs.

An ardeb is equal to a little more than eight English bushels. This enormous quantity is only the amount of what were destroyed by the troops and population of Aleppo, but there were besides in the villages of the Arabs, and in the districts of Kilis, Antab, Hamouah, Marrah and Damascus, immense quantities destroyed which were not measured.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—A gentleman residing in Seville had a dog named Carlo, and a fine knowing dog he was. His master who had much cause to be in his prudence and discretion, not only employed him to bring provisions from the market, but also entrusted him with money to pay for the various articles commissioned. For a long time Carlo conducted himself in the most irreproachable manner, carrying the bal and money to the butchers and constantly bring a piece of beef or a fine fat pullet, as the case might be. Carlo continued to fill his situation in the commissariat to the entire satisfaction of the parties concerned, no fraud, no peculation, was ever laid at his door, when one day Carlo showed to his daily comrades, that he not only knew the duties of a commissary, but what is still more remarkable, he actually practiced them. But, alas! how many men in the midst of an honorable career may be tempted to make a false step—so was it to the faithful Carlo, that by dog, it was supposed, had a frusted him. He set down the basket, and while engaged in chastising his foe, an urchin popped into the basket, seized the purse of money, and dove its inside off, without waiting to congratulate the victor. Carlo having sufficiently punished his adversary, shook his ears, and, quite unconscious of the loss he had sustained, seized the basket with his teeth, trotted off to market in double quick time, and presented himself before the butcher. "How is this?—there is no money here Carlo," said the butcher, after taking out the fillet, and turning the basket upside down. For a few moments Carlo hung his head in evident confusion; and then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he rushed out of the market. Away he went helter skelter through the crowded street, upsetting a Gallego with his water jar, bounding against a seller of water melons, and running full tilt against an Italian pedlar, creating dire confusion among his saints and madonnas, on he went till he reached the square where a number of boys were collected playing at pitch and toss. Here Carlo made a halt for a few minutes, until seeing a piece of money similar to the one that had been stolen from him, he pounced upon it and disappeared to the great astonishment of its owner. Carlo went directly to the butcher, gave him the money, took up the well filled basket, and what is not the least remarkable part of the story, he returned home by a circuitous route, by which means he avoided passing through the square, leaving, doubtless, reasons of his own for not visiting a meeting with the young gambler.—*The Sportsman.*

Interesting Anecdote.—In the debate on the removal of Washington's remains, in the House of Representatives, of Mr. Howard, of Maryland, uttered the following interesting historical anecdote:—"When the British fleet was passing up the Potomac, with hostile intent, during the late war, the commander directed that when he should arrive opposite Mount Vernon, he should be informed of the fact. When the ships came that the ship was passing the tomb of Washington, the officers assembled upon deck, and passed by uncovered and in silence."

THE EDITOR.—(BY ONE.)

The editor is the dupe of destiny. His lot has bestowed down to him a bauble, and it turns out to be a tube in. His land of promise is a moving bog. His bed of roses is a high backed chair studded with thorns. His honored wealth is a pine land of nettles. His honeyed nectar transforms into a capital hoax; his pleasures are heavy penalties; his pride is the snuff of a candle; his power but volumes of smoke. The editor is the most ill-starved man alive. He, and he alone—the ten thousand profit-makers about town notwithstanding—is, indeed, the identical martyr commonly talked of as the most ill used individual. He seems to persons opinion, and is in reality a victim to the opinions of others. He incurs more than nine tenths of the risk and responsibility, and reaps less than one-tenth of the reward and reputation. The defects of his work are liberally assigned to him—the merits of it are magnanimously imputed to its correspondents. If a bad article appears the editor is unsparingly condemned; if a brilliant one be inserted, Anonymous carries off the eulogium. The editorial function is supposed to consist, "in the substitution of *ifs* for *ifs* if so, and the insertion of the word *however* here and there, to impede the march of a fine style. Commas and colons are the points he is reported to make—his name or fame is merely a parenthesis—he is but a note of admiration to genius! His life is spent in ushering clever people into deserved celebrity; he sits as charioteer outside the vehicle, in which Prodigious Talents are driven to immortality.—It is his fortune to inspire all his cotemporaries in the temple of glory, and to exclude himself "for want of space." He is always to "grin," but expires unpublished at last. He bestows present popularity on thousands, without securing posthumous renown as his own share. His career in this life is a tale of mystery—"to be continued in the next." He is only thought of when things go wrong in the journal. Curiously then looks out at the corners of his eyes, and with brows and lips pursed-up, cautiously ejaculates "Who is he?" If by chance, praise instead of censure, should be meditated, the wrong man is immediately mentioned. People are only certain of their editor when they design to horsewhip him. Is there a bright passage or two in an indifferent article, you may be sure that they are not indebted for their polish to the editorial pen. Is there a dull phrase or a harsh period in some favorite contribution?—Oh! the editor has altered or neglected to revise the press! But if the editor is abused for what he inserts, he is twice abused for what he rejects. It is a serious feature of his destiny, that if he strikes out but a single line of an article, whether in verse or prose, that very line is infallibly the crowning beauty of the production. It is not a little odd, that when he declines a paper, that paper is sure to be by the declaimer a paper, that paper is sure to be by far the best thing its author ever wrote. Accepted articles only be bad, rejected ones are invariably good. It is admitted that judgment is the first essential for an editorship, and it is at the same time asserted, that judgment is exactly the quality which the editor has not. The author is revised in a review—he is grateful for an indication of his error. The editor is indistinctly inquired for; an author is condemned in a review—he is unspeakably disclosed with the editor. Week after week, month after month, the sad Editor succours the oppressed, raises up the weak, applauds virtue, exalts talent—he pens or pencilsgets the praises of friends—of their books, pictures, acting, safety-lamps, and steam-paddles—but from the catalogue of golden names his own is an eternal absentee. Greater self-denial was not shown by the late Mr. Malthus, when, at the East India College, he held an office in the theatre for nearly forty years without once witnessing play or farce! Being solely responsible the editor is compelled not only to review, but even to read, new volumes. There is another peculiarity in his condition. Of all the MSS. that come before him, it is his fate to peruse those which will least repay the trouble. Observe, a contributor writes to someone ten times over, the articles are returned; he sends one much better, it is inserted; a third exhibits a striking improvement; a fourth contains touches of genius; a fifth—the pieces are written and accepted, and their author has won a character for assured and established excellence of composition. *It is superfluous to read further.* Of so masterly a style is not another specimen need be inserted. The Editor can reply upon his contributor. His productions are read while they were worthless or indifferent, but they are now so admirable, so full of thoughts "that give delight and hurt not," that to inspect any more such MSS. would be clearly a waste of time. May it be so with ours!—*London Nice Monthly for June.*

I will trust in providence one day longer.

A STRANGE TALE.—On John's River, in the county of Burke, there lived a wealthy old gentleman by the name of Corpening. He was a man, well at ease in point of worldly substance, and was known far and near for his charity and hospitality. There happened to the vicinity a most miserable season, the crop was cut off, especially in grain.—Money also was scarce, and times every way hard. *Hunger, aching, maddening hunger,* was felt by a few in every neighborhood, and in some cases we have heard of its proceeding to extremities. But to the honor of our country and to the honor of human nature be it said these cases were extremely rare. In these difficult times, however, old Mr. Corpening happened to have a large and well filled Cornerib, which for a long time, he would not open again because we were in the procession higher and higher and still the old man held up his corn as some supposed for a higher price. At length Mr. Corpening began to let his corn go—but money could not buy it—to those who had money he would say "You can get something to preserve life for your money, there many people have no money, and being without food, they must perish unless those who are blessed with the means shall feed them. Of Course, the number that came without money and put up pitcous tales was great. But this was unavailing, and he had secured his crib. Corpening had taken pains to find out who were really objects requiring his assistance. One safe rule he adopted against imposition was, *not to let his charity go further than home.* If this rule was not generally adopted, much more real good would be effected with the amount annually contributed by out of the South. This rule, however, like all general rules, will sometimes work wrong, and so it did with our hero, and he better deserves that name than thousands who have gained it, by the number of times they have slaughtered or maimed (literally.) A man bringing a bag with him came to Mr. Corpening from a distant neighborhood, and told the usual story of wife and children being without bread, and being nearly wrought with hunger, &c., but on one occasion was to be had, and the disappointed man, with a heavy heart, turned his steps home-ward, and for a time was no more thought of. In the course of the afternoon, however, word came to old Mr. Corpening that a suspicious looking stranger with a bag on his shoulder was seen lurking about his premises. a few particulars more satisfied him that the man the applicant for charity who had visited him that morning, and that he had a design to rob his crib that night according, himself and another of his family secreted themselves and waited events. But they did not wait long before the stranger with the bag on his shoulder was seen making his way towards the crib, the crib was opened, not a dog was heard to bark, of the least difficulty opposed his purpose. He entered and with a deliberation, or rather hesitation, that surprised the observers, he succeeded in filling the bag. This being done, he tied it, and noiseless such visitors generally be continued at the spot with his hand still on the bag, apparently in great mental agony, at length, he rose suddenly, untied the bag, poured out the corn, and said, *I will trust in Providence one day longer.* He departed in peace, but he did not trust to Providence in vain, old Mr. Corpening being satisfied from his own observation, that this man was indeed in a state of extreme suffering; moreover, that he was of an honest heart, sent his son on the next morning with a full bag of corn, with a message that when that was out to let him know it, and he should have corn when ever he wished it.

Old Mr. Corpening, we think has been several years dead, his whole life we learn was of a piece with this act of benevolence. He lectured much, but he bestowed unknown, and still at his death he left a fine estate to a most worthy family. They, it is hoped, will imitate his charities, and, if ever they are in want of a family motto, commend the words that grace his bead. *"I will trust in Providence one day longer."*—*North Carolina Watchman.*

A Lady in an Iron mask.—Among the numerous curiosities of the Castle of Stenburg, I shall mention only one. It was a very thin but strong iron mask, with chaps and locks of the same metal of which a redoubted bar m of olden times is said to have made frequent use. It appears that he had a very handsome wife, who was sadly coquetish, and more fond of exhibiting her pretty face than he at all approved of. When ever he uttered from home, therefore, he was wont to secure his slippery partner's head in that iron mask, and put the key in his pocket. Tradition says that the gentleman outlook the application and misplaced the protection, as the lady, though she could not exhibit the light of her countenance to her lovers, whispered still softer endearments through the bars, and in the end taught the foolish dotile that to love, as in war, physical obstacles, so far from keeping out an invading enemy, generally serve as his best stepping stone to conquest.—*Winter in Lower Syria.*

A Negro Blasphemer.—One of the black preachers in Freetown preached from the text, 'Melchisedec without father, without mother, without descent,' which he pronounced to explain to his audience—that means in plain language, without father, him have no daddy; without mother, him have no mammy; without descent, dat mean he tray, without say gentlemen behaviour at all."

From the Penn. Inquirer and Courier.

JAMES WOOD, THE ENGLISH MINER.

I knew James Wood, the late miner and banker of Gloucester, intimately, and a more wretched living thing upon the noble race of creatures, made in the image of their creator, never disgraced the name of man! So far as I was acquainted with him—I do not believe that his life was redeemed by a single act or benevolence or generosity.

Perhaps the following brief sketch, and a few anecdotes will be acceptable to your readers, as exemplifying that most grovelling, useless, and pernicious character—a miser!—the man who, at the last great day, can give no account of his stewardship—for, alas! he has wrapped up his talent in a napkin and buried it—neither enjoying the gifts of a beneficial Providence himself, nor contributing out of his abundance towards relieving the distresses of others. Wretch, to use the typical language of scripture, he could indeed have been "eyes to the blind, feet to the lame"—and he also could have made the "widow's heart to sing for joy."

James Wood, whose memory is a reproach to the age in which we live, was the son of James Wood, of the city of Gloucester, England. Hardbrasher and Banker; and I have been informed that his grandfather was also in the same trade and profession, and that they were all miners! Each of these *worthies* died at an advanced age, leaving to his son heaps of gold, particularly filled with debentures, writings of East India stocks, and money in the funds; to say nothing of old worm-eaten bureaus and cupboards, crammed with the parchment title deeds of estates, both in lands and houses, all around the city and country. The following anecdote will afford some insight into the avarice of the late James Wood.

One morning, when a boy, he went into his father's counting house, and the old gentleman showing him a beautiful nosegay of flowers—roses, pinks, honeysuckles, lillies, and violets—said—"Look here, Jemmy; here is a handsome nosegay—very cheap—only paid a penny for it. Do just smell the flowers, they are so sweet, Jemmy!" The hopeful son put the flowers to his nose, and replied—"Yes they are very sweet father. He then put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a penny, handed it to his father, exclaiming—"Here, father, do just smell that penny—how much sweeter it is than the flowers!"

Many years ago his father died at a town about ten miles from Gloucester. Jemmy was there, and the corpse of the old gentleman must be taken home, to be placed in the family vault.

To effect this, a hearse was necessary, but the expense of such a vehicle was dreadful, he could not think of it. So Jemmy bargained for a goat chaise, placed his father's dead body in it, in a sitting posture, sat himself down by its side, and drove home to Gloucester.

In visiting his own estates at a few miles distance, or even in going 20 or 30 miles distance, to neighboring towns on business, he always drove a point of walking, until the infirmity of threescore years and ten prevented him; but even then he rode, as often as possible, in "returned chaises," the drivers of which would take him several miles for a sixpence.

It is not to be wondered at, that Jemmy's property, with such penurious habits, became in a few years perfectly enormous—almost beyond calculation; and it is said, that although he was a keen arithmetician, he never knew how much he was worth—

"Poor is the man who counts his store."

In the mean time he lived in an old tumbledown house, with projecting stories and an overhanging roof that had seen many centuries. Here he kept a haberdasher's shop, in which, behind the counter, dirty pieces of glass may be seen a written paper, importing that he sold "flannel lyed nine times blue for the gout.

In this wretched hole he conducted also his bank—the richest in the province, as well as the oldest—it having been established for more than two hundred years. Many of the wealthy citizens and opulent land holders were in the habit of depositing their money with him until they could save "profitably—because, although he gave no interest, they knew it was safe.

As a banker, he was a mere grinding, suspicious, and illiberal, of which many qualities the following instance affords a proof.

In the year —— there was a run on many banks in England, known in the commercial world as "a panic—the panic taking in the turkeys, as well as the geese and geese. Jemmy thought this too good an opportunity to be lost, in endeavoring to break the liberal bank of his rivals—the Messrs. Tyrs—and regardless of risk, he gathered as many of their notes as he could in a few hours, and took them himself—accompanied by his son—to the Bank of England, but all in gold—which was more than Jemmy could carry. They would not, however, lend him a bag, but compelled him to leave as soon as he had counted it—and this miserable, moral, miserable wretch, was seen shuffling his way up Gloucester street—his pockets loaded—his hands full—in agony of fright, as he every now and then dropped a few gold pieces and was obliged to stop and pick them up again—and he was followed by a boy, who alike detested his meanness and his jealous spite.

Often did poor countrymen call on Jemmy to change notes of distant banks, which they had taken, on which occasion Jemmy's true character was developed—for besides charging them a commission, he would seldom comply with their request, unless they laid out a considerable portion of the money with him, in the purchase of haberdashery, at exorbitant profits.

It is related that when his present fortunate clerk, Jacob, first went to live with him, that he was at a loss to find his way to his bed room, having no candle.

Jacob—Please Mr. Wood, I cannot find my way up stairs in the dark.

Jemmy—Why not Jacob? I have done so for many years.

Jacob—Because sir, I have not been there yet, and do not know the way.

Jemmy—Oh, ay—I forgot that! Here Jacob, just take hold of my coat, while I go first, and then you'll know the way another time.

Jacob—Yes, sir, I shall know it well.

It is but justice to the memory of the much worm, to state, that of late years, he was extravagant enough to use a candle—*of the smallest kind*—and one *little* to Jacob and the apprentice.

Sometimes the ladies—aye, and some of them very fine ones—would come to his shop, half a mile distant, and buy in earnest—"Dear me, Mr. Wood, why don't you get married. You would be much happier with a wife—to which occasion Jemmy would reply (rubbing his hands—a habit of his) "Oh! no ma am, hard times, hard times, times are expensive, cant afford it; ruinous speculation."

Some ten or twelve years since, there lived another miser in Gloucester, named Anthony Ellis—immensely rich. He was an old man with one foot in the grave, and quite a crony of the centennial Jemmy. These two grasping agents of mammon were wont to say among their friends, should enjoy his wealth. Anthony was wont to his long account, by which event Jemmy's pelt was increased by the "trifling addition of upwards of £100,000—about three millions of dollars. Jemmy rooted over every hole, corner and cupboard in the house in his search for hidden treasure, and it chanced that in one musty hutch he had overlooked, several hundred guineas that were ingeniously concealed. A poor old woman, Anthony Ellis' housekeeper found them and had the honesty to tell Jemmy. He seized them with avidity, shovelled them into his pockets of a bag, and rewarded the old creature with "Thankee, you are an honest woman!—and nothing more!

A rather ludicrous circumstance is told of Jemmy on the occasion of one of his visits to his former boarding. Jemmy's circles procured him the hospitality of many of the higher classes near Gloucester, who like the poor, too often esteem a man for his gold rather than for his morals or good conduct; and some, even of noble blood were perhaps not without a distinct hope that Jemmy might remember them in his will, because it would be an honor for him to leave his vast possessions among noble families. As may naturally be expected this feeling on the part of the neighbouring country was productive of numerous presents of fish, game, wine, &c. to Jemmy, who always received them with transparent joy, for he was fond of good living when it did nothing and especially fond of a fine fat cock pheasant. But then, when a cock pheasant arrived, this difficulty arose—it was an expensive bird to dress—"rich gravy and sundry other things to match." Sometimes therefore, on a Sunday morning, in October, Jemmy would walk out with a pheasant, or peradventure two, and leave them to be dressed by one of his numerous few miles off in the country.

Mr. Wood has sisters, with whom he was always endeavoring to get more property, and for years he did not speak to them—some slight difs.

I understand Mr. Wood was upwards of fourscore when he died. He was tall, rather stout with a half dazed and half cunning expression of countenance, and at the sight of money, a joyous twinkle of the eyes; and always dressed in old, shabby, wretched looking black clothes.

He was a member of the corporation of Gloucester, for there he always enjoyed good dinners for nothing. But he would never consent to be Mayor, because it was generally the case that the expenditure of Mayors exceeded their income.

He did not leave one shilling to his relations—one farthing to the poor. His vast possessions were sworn to be so young under two millions sterling! But when it is remembered that in England there is a legacy duty of 10 per cent. on all property willed to strangers—that is, to persons not being relatives of the testator—the probability is that his property amounted to considerably more. And for this reason, the landed, and personal estates are valued by an appraiser, who being well acquainted with the business, and the requirements of his employers seldom exceeds one half or two thirds of the value, at the farthest. I should say then that Jemmy Wood did not die worth one farthing less than *eleven millions dollars!* And the duty which will be paid to the government will be about 450,000 or 500,000 dollars!

The whole of his riches were left as follows—one fourth part to Alderman Wood, of London, no relation.) One fourth do. to Jacob his clerk. One fourth do. fourman, his apprentice. One fourth do. to Chadburn, his lawyer.

His lawyer had the good tact never to send in his bill, to ask Mr. Wood for money, which completely won the miser's heart.

His friendship for Alderman Wood was merely because he admired his political sentiments, and liked the man. Alderman Wood is now, called the "fortunate youth"—a better and more profitable cause of publicity for him than his generous championship of the late ill-used and unhappy Queen—Caroline.

Several steps which teach men to be *unhappy*.

1. *Idleness.*—Whatever people are *idle*, and have nothing to do, they feel very uneasy and unhappy. Then they think if they can get some strong drink, it will make them feel lively. And, having nothing else to do, they will go to the tavern and grog shop, and get something to drink. So, if we wish the people to be *happy*-*ness*, we must teach them not to be *idle*.

2. *Gambling.*—Another thing that makes people uncomfortable and uneasy, and so makes them wish for strong drink, is the practice of gambling. When a person loses in this way, he knows he has got nothing for his money, and it makes him feel very unhappy. Then he is apt to drink, in order to forget his misery.

3. *Excess in Eating.*—Some people learn to be intemperate in *drinking*, by *first* becoming intemperate in *eating*. When people eat too much it makes them thirsty, restless and uneasy. And then they wish to drink. *One* intemperate indulgence is apt to lead to *another*.

The person that would not wish to be a drunkard, should take care not to let his appetite be his master in any thing.

4. *Bad Company.*—Bad Company is another thing that leads people into intemperance. Almost all sorts of bad people love strong drink.—Keep away, then, from all sorts of bad company.

Improved Cookery—To make a mulch.—Catch a young gentleman and lady, the best you can; let the young gentleman be raw, and the young lady quite tender. Set the gentleman at the bottom of a pan; put in a good quantity of wine, and whilst he is soaking, stick in a word or two every now and then about Miss; this will help to make him boil. When getting red in the gills, take him out into the drawing-room, set him by the lady, and sop them both with green tea, then set them at the piano, and bless the flame in the lady sings; when you see the gentleman sigh, it is time to take them off, as they are warm enough. Put them by themselves in a corner of the room or on the sofa, and there let them simper together the rest of the evening. Repeat this time or two more, taking care to put them sale by sale at the dinner, and they will be ready for marriage whenever you want them. After marriage great care must be taken, as they are apt to turn sour.—*London Morning Herald.*

THE RURAL ECONOMIST.

HARVESTING OF CORN.

Mr. Editor—Some of my opinions respecting the best and most profitable mode of harvesting corn, were considerably shaken by the communication which appeared in the last volume of the Farmer on this subject, from men whose testimony is of the greatest weight; my impression has been, that to secure the greatest quantity of good sound corn, it was best, as soon as the kernels had become somewhat dry, and the ears hard glazed, to top the corn, and let it stand on the stalks till the time of gathering, and such, of course, has generally been my practice. I do this, because I believed that after the top had performed its office of fecundating the plant, it became in a manner useless, and that stalks, dry, and leaves withered, became excellent as a fodder for cattle, could do little or nothing towards elaborating the juices necessary for the perfection of the ears. It besides appeared to me that the fresh and green husks, which farmers usually leave on the ears, in operating sap much longer in general than the leaves, were designed by nature to supply the ears with food; and though opposed to the imitation of plants generally, as the means of increasing their productiveness, topping corn I did not consider as a great violation of nature. When such men, however, as Buel and Colman, maintain a different theory, and backed by experiment, contend that topping corn is injurious, I certainly becomes minor agriculturists to pause, and test the question. Accordingly, last summer, on Gloucester street—his pockets loaded—his hands full—in agony of fright, as he every now and then dropped a few gold pieces and was obliged to stop and pick them up again—and he was followed by a boy, who alike detested his meanness and his jealous spite.

These experiments, though so far as they were detailed, they appeared to be fairly conducted, were not altogether satisfactory to me, as they did not *get far enough*. For besides charging them a commission, I would seldom comply with their request, unless they laid out a considerable portion of the money with him, in the purchase of haberdashery, at exorbitant profits.

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Grafting.—The mode of grafting which I prefer, is technically called cleft grafting, and is that most commonly practiced in nurseries and top grafting also. As my mode has some peculiarities in its mode, I shall aim at a description of it. The stock may be cut off with an oblique cut, a vertical or perpendicular cleft is now to be made across the shape, and say an inch and a half deep with a mallet; knife, a wedge is best that it may be sharp and thin, in order that the stock may be slit apart rather than cleft, which leaves it much smaller to receive the pen; which latter must be cut in a peculiar manner, that curve took in the form of a wedge, the upper part on the two sides should be cut with a shoulder, but minutely as it should be made with a single cut downward, on each side, with a common pocket knife; the shoulder will necessarily be of bevel form, and somewhat scolloping. The pen should be inserted, however, so sound but two inches of pieces, coming together to a point, and a little the thickest on the outside, and the sid may now be held upon by pressing the thumb backward against the inside of the slope on the long side, and the pen may be pushed down and as far as the thickest will permit, in such manner that the inner bark of the stock, and that of the scion may meet exactly together. If the stock does not hold the pen firmly, it may be tied with woolen yarn or bass shreds. The earth may now be drawn round the scion and pressed firmly about it. If the cement was applied according to Hopkins's recommendation, see Cultivator, vol. iv. p. 29, the success would probably be more certain; and for top grafting, clay or cement of some kind is indispensable. McMahon says, "the best time for grafting is just when the buds have swollen and are ready to burst, and this accords with my experience.

Vinegar in Cream.—The difficulty and labor fr